

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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A PLANET GIVES UP A SECRET

THE WILD DUCKS OF OAKLAND

WELCOME TO THE FLYING TRAVELLERS

Meeting of the Birds and
Children by the Lake

WHAT A TOWN CAN DO

Have you ever heard the wild ducks calling? Have you heard the honk-honk of the flying wild geese? They lay their long necks out, and their wings slide now up, now down. Have you watched armies of them fanning the air so that it seems you must dance the way the wings float?

"I have," says someone, "and I want the C.N. to know about it. I live many thousands of miles from the home of the C.N., in a town called Oakland."

There is no place in the world so far away that in these days we may not know what is going on there. Oakland is in California; and it is not long since the readers of the C.N. were thinking of this very town and of its wild birds.

Great Colonies of Birds

Great colonies of wild fowl nest in the brakes and sedges of the Pacific coast States, from Alaska down to Oregon, just as in England. The first touch of autumn sets up an unrest in the birds' haunts. A few days more, and they begin to fly south. Boys and girls going to school in North-West Canada stand and see them, overhead passengers to the land of the Sun.

Then, when the hosts of birds reach California, they fly into the hunting season. But for several years the guns have found little to do, for there is a friend of wild ducks on the western coast, and that is the town of Oakland.

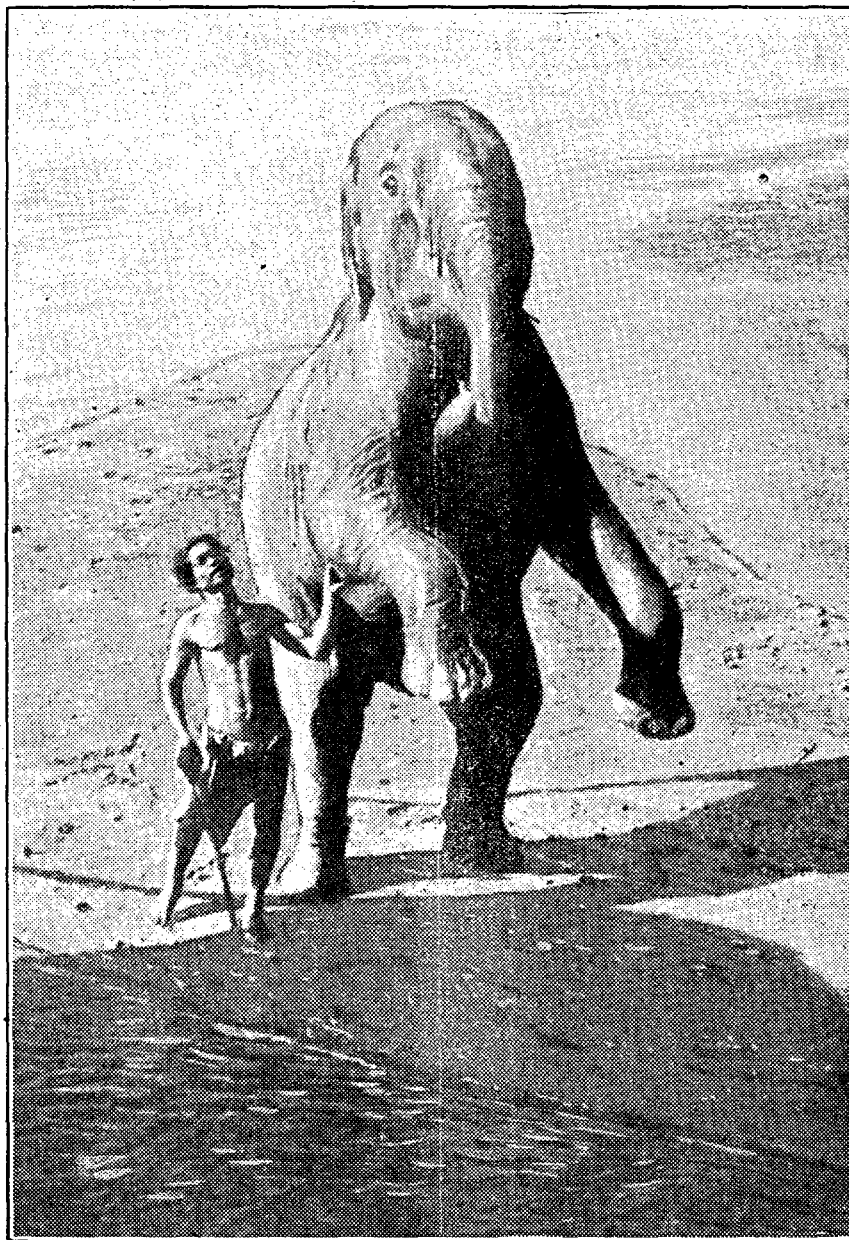
In Oakland Park lies Lake Merritt, a large patch of salt water that is fed daily by tides running up an estuary from San Francisco Bay. Many years ago it happened that a few of the wild fowl from the north wintered near the lake, and by orders of the town were unmolested.

From the Frozen North

When the birds flew north again in the spring they had a good deal to say on the subject of their winter quarters. The next year and the next brought increasing numbers down to Lake Merritt. Away to the frozen north the news reached, for presently birds came to Oakland bearing marks which had been set on them in Alaska and Nova Scotia. It is a very lovely sight to see these wild fowl swooping round the tall buildings of Oakland, and year by year the people welcome them more gladly.

In 1916 the wild fowl suffered an unlooked-for trouble, owing to the waste from the oil works on the Pacific coast washing in with the tide up to Lake Merritt and making it impossible for them to find their food. It seemed that, after all, the ducks would have to leave the city refuge and go out into the region

The Elephant Goes for a Bathe



Elephants are very clean animals and delight in bathing, showing their pleasure when led to the water by all kinds of queer antics, like this elephant at Kandy, in Ceylon, who is dancing with joy at the idea of having his morning tub

haunted by guns. Then good Mr. Lee Kerfoot, the superintendent of Oakland Park, persuaded the city council to feed the ducks. Every winter since then the Ducks of Oakland, as they are known all over California, have been given food at the expense of the town.

Since then the harbour authorities have arranged floating booms that open and close with the tide and keep the refuse of the oil works from the lake.

Last year the wild fowl, which are of many varieties—mallard, teal, widgeon, spoonbills, "canvas backs"—came south to find an unusually hot autumn. There was no shade on the lake banks, as the island being built is not quite ready, and it seemed these birds, used to the cooler north, would suffer.

The Park authorities came gallantly to the rescue. They hastened to buy a large number of beach umbrellas, and set them up on the wild fowl preserve on the lake shores. All Oakland turned

out to see what the birds would do, and were intensely amused to see the ducks waddling contentedly to and fro, apparently too glad to get shelter to care about the colour or texture of the screen that hid them from the burning rays of the tropical Sun.

A very pretty thing happens yearly in Oakland, and it stirs memories of traditions in earlier civilisations of the world. When the wild birds are in full numbers on Lake Merritt a carnival pageant is given by the school children.

It is a lovely sight. The birds know the children are their friends, and they allow them to dance all round them. One beautiful, rhythmic dance, which would have pleased the artists and singers of Greece long ago, is the Wild Bird Dance. The children, dressed in white, carry festoons of flowers and coloured leaves, and pretend to be birds themselves, making the swaying motion of the moving wings.

NEPTUNE GIVES UP A SECRET

New Discovery About the Farthest Planet

TWO MILLION DAYS IN A YEAR

Neptune, the great sentinel planet of the Solar System, has just yielded up a most interesting secret.

Astronomers have discovered the length of a day on this lonely planet, which takes over 16½ of our years to roll once round the Sun.

In the cases of Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, the length of the planet's day was easily discovered. It was only necessary to measure the time taken for a marking on the planet's disc to be carried once round by the planet's rotation, as we on the Earth are carried round once in 24 hours.

But the length of Neptune's day presented a new puzzle. This distant planet appears so small in the telescopes that no definite markings can be seen.

The Light that Changes

The astronomers have now solved the problem by treating Neptune as they would a variable star—by measuring its brightness carefully from night to night. When the measurements were compared, it was found that Neptune's brightness fluctuated slightly but regularly.

Now, the light of Neptune is only reflected sunlight, so that regular fluctuations must be due to bright and dark markings brought into view at different times by the planet's rotation.

The period of the light-changes must thus be identical with the time taken by Neptune to turn once on its axis. In this way it has been discovered that day and night on Neptune take but seven and three-quarters of our hours.

An imaginary race of Neptunians would therefore experience a "year" of nearly two million Neptunian days!

INTERESTING THINGS HEARD BY WIRELESS

The guinea offered by the Editor for the most interesting thing heard by wireless has been sent to Mr. Spencer Wilson, of Sudbury, Suffolk, for his contribution to our issue of April 5, when he overheard a guest at an ambassador's dinner say, "This is a fine chicken, is it not?"

Several other items sent in by C.N. readers have been paid for. No item received seemed to us as interesting as the one we began with, the hearing of the waves of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by a man in New York; or as the hearing in England of a heart-beat in America. But we are interested in the case of a Knebworth reader who hears the hooting of motor-cars on the Embankment, outside 2 L O, and the case of the Greenwich reader who heard the footsteps of the announcer as he came to the microphone at the B.B.C.

THE BOY IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL

SIR WALFORD DAVIES
AND THE KING'S MUSIC

Pioneer of Popular Music in
the Schools

ENTHUSIASM FOR IDEAS

Forty years ago a bright-faced boy might often have been heard singing in the choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, which, under the late Sir Walter Parratt, was one of the great musical institutions of our country.

Today that boy is one of our greatest musicians, and, as Sir Walford Davies, has been invited to take charge of the music in the famous chapel in which his early years were so happily spent.

Dr. Davies has refused this distinguished post, probably because he wishes to carry on the splendid work he is doing elsewhere.

The definition of genius as the capacity for taking pains is in itself incomplete, for there must be as a basis unusual natural gifts. But the life of Sir Walford Davies should be a reminder to every young musician that, however great his gifts, they must be treated as a sacred trust to be used and developed for the highest ends.

Organist of the Temple

Of no one is this more true than of Sir Walford Davies, and today he holds his great powers, developed by ceaseless effort and self-discipline, entirely for the service of his country.

For a quarter of a century he occupied the responsible position of organist of the famous Temple Church, and not even in the palmy days of his famous predecessor, Dr. E. J. Hopkins, has the Temple choir stood higher in the esteem of all cultured musicians.

During the last two or three years, however, he has turned his energies into a new sphere of work, and, as Professor of Music in the University of Wales and Director of Welsh Musical Education, he has set himself the tremendous task of bringing good music into the life of every child in the Principality.

A Vision of the Future

William Tyndale, nearly five centuries ago, dreamed of a day when, "if God spared him in life, he would make the boy who followeth the plough to know the Word of God as well as any of the Pope's doctors"; and Dr. Davies, in his turn, dreams of a day when there shall be no child in Wales who will not have written at least one melody and will not be able to appreciate intelligently the best music which the world can bring to him. There is scarcely a child, says the doctor, who cannot make up a simple tune, and today, in hundreds of schools, there are being turned out week by week thousands of melodies which are carefully preserved and examined at the university, the best being placed in its archives.

Concerts in School

Hundreds of schools, under the magnetic influence of Dr. Davies, are arranging for their own weekly concert conducted by the scholars, and in all these schools the gramophone is now a treasured educational instrument. Sir Walford is a great believer in the gramophone as a means of making known good music, and he has prepared a special course of five-minute lectures with musical examples, which have been made into records and are being widely used in many parts of the country.

A few weeks ago, for the first time in history, a wireless lecture was delivered by Sir Walford Davies to over 70 schools, and there is no way in which good music can be brought to the home which does not win his sympathy and support.

There are men who spend their lives in making money, and they have their reward. Sir Walford Davies is spending his life in trying to make music a joyful guest in every home.

PUMPING COAL THROUGH PIPES

A Great Possibility

FUEL VALUE ALMOST DOUBLED

The C.N. has already referred to the proposal that coal should be pulverised, mixed with water, and pumped through pipes from the pit to the factories.

The proposal, modified to the extent of omitting the water, has now been put into practical effect at Fullerton, Pennsylvania, and was a great success.

The coal was ground as fine as flour, its particles being so small that they could be shaken through a sieve with 40,000 perforations to the square inch. Such a sieve will hold water.

This finely powdered coal was aerated with a number of small streams of compressed air, and pumped for more than a mile through a five-inch pipeline. At the place of discharge the output of coal-powder can be regulated exactly in the same way as a stream of gas, and can be directed by pipes to any part of the works and to any particular furnace.

Shooting out of the pipe with the velocity of a hurricane, the pulverised coal burns in a great tongue of flame, and gives so much heat that it greatly increases the boiler's efficiency.

Dr. Alexander Christie, engineering professor at John Hopkins University, states that the efficiency of a ton of powdered coal is between 80 and 90 per cent, as against 50 or 60 per cent in the case of ordinary coal.

The cost of pulverising is only about 1s. 3d. a ton.

FIGHTING WOLVES

A Hunter's Strange Equipment

Coyotes, the prairie wolves of northern Canada, are becoming such a pest that strenuous efforts are being made to thin out the animals and drive them back from the haunts of men.

A hunter from St. Paul, Minnesota, is going into the wilds of northern Ontario to fight the wolves, and he has equipped himself with a strange suit of armour, consisting of a cowhide garment fastened with metal clasps and studied all over with nails, their points directed outward. More than a thousand sharp nails have been used, and the idea is that no animal will be able to bite him.

The hunter's face is protected by a metal mask such as fencers wear, and armed with an axe and a dagger, he will go into the haunts of the wolves. The pack, he expects, will surround and snarl at him, and he will strike out with his axe and dagger, and in this way account for more than he could dispose of by means of a revolver or rifle.

FOSSIL MAN

An Important Discovery

President Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, has received the following telegram from a well-known geologist of Southern California, Robert T. Hill:

Human remains found here completely fossilised. Occur 25 feet deep in horizontal stratified material of old recent or latest Pleistocene. No possibility of intrusion or confusion with outwash or Santa Barbara occurrence.

Consider most unquestionable ancient occurrence yet reported.

If Dr. Hill's report is substantiated this will be the first absolutely authenticated case of the occurrence of fossil man on the American continent.

MAPPING THE IRRAWADDY

During the survey from the air of 1350 square miles of the Irrawaddy Delta one aeroplane flew 10,000 miles, and 3000 photographs were taken, in which trees and even tiny creeks are shown.

A ROMAN TRIUMPH MUSSOLINI, THE BLACKSMITH'S SON

Italy Satisfied with its Journalist
Prime Minister

STANDING IN CAESAR'S PLACE

There is nothing more unwise in politics than judging leaders of one nation by the habits and thought of another nation—ourselves.

History has a settled judgment, if we give it time, and we may think we can guess what it will be, but the best plan with foreign friends is to wait and let a leader's own countrymen judge him first. That judgment, for the time being, has been passed on Signor Mussolini by Italy, and it is an undoubted sanction of what he has done since he stepped forward to lead his countrymen.

The Italian elections, especially the personal reception of Signor Mussolini everywhere, more particularly in Rome, show him as if he were wearing the toga of Caesar. No emperor or general home from mighty conquests ever had a welcome that surpassed the entry of Mussolini into Rome after the general election that gave Italy's verdict on his doings.

Man Italy Believes In

Five years ago nobody outside Italy, and few inside the country, had ever heard of Mussolini, the blacksmith's son. If anything were known of him it could not be encouraging. He was an extremist, a firebrand, better out of his country than in it. Italy was in a bad state. Confusion reigned. Let us record the facts. Mussolini came. His methods were peculiar. They were based on force, quickly and smartly applied. Today Italy is peaceful, industrious, fairly prosperous, and very well satisfied; and it is thankful to Mussolini. That is what his triumph means.

The blacksmith's son who wears the toga of Caesar is one of the rare race of men who can "take occasion by the hand." He knows when to act, and how to act, so as to end an era of feebleness, and Italy is glad to have it so. It is, of course, a tale that has to be continued. Signor Mussolini, the journalist who has made himself a great throne, has to prove that he can keep it up. He has made some bad slips, but his recovery has been alert. Italy believes in him, though not, perhaps, quite as firmly as he believes in himself.

Meantime the tale goes on, and all the world is interested from the spectator's point of view—interested and glad to be hopeful.

THE COLLAPSE OF A CONCRETE BUILDING

Why Did It Fall?

An ingenious explanation of the mysterious collapse of a concrete building in course of construction at Benton Harbour, Michigan, as described recently in the C.N., has been given by an American concrete expert.

At the time the weather was intensely cold, and he suggests that the real cause of the collapse was the failure of the action of the hardening compounds and hot water gaugings generally used in the United States to enable work of this kind to be carried on in cold weather.

The intensely hard frosts compel special precautions of this kind, and it is suggested that the experts engaged in supervising the building supposed that the concrete was sufficiently hard set to warrant the removal of the form and centering, when, as a matter of fact, it was simply frozen hard. The thaw came, the frozen water in the concrete liquefied, and the whole structure collapsed.

It is certainly an ingenious explanation, but it must be remembered that the men in charge of the building were expert engineers who made special investigations into the action of the frost.

COPEC AND WHAT IT MEANS

A WAY OUT OF THE
WORLD'S TROUBLES

1200 People of All Sorts Who
Agreed About One Thing

THE RECENT CONFERENCE

The full reports are now appearing of one of the most interesting conferences that has been held in our time, the gathering of 1200 representatives of Christianity at Birmingham.

The C.N. has already explained what the queer, and not very happy, word Copec means; it is made up from the real title of the Conference on Politics, Economics, and Citizenship.

At Birmingham there were men and women of all shades of opinion, disagreeing on almost everything, but agreed on one central fact—that the only way out of the troubles of the world is the way of Galilee.

How can the real spirit of Christ be brought to bear on all the problems of man's existence, so that a sense of the eternal fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of mankind may bind us all in one, and make injustice impossible?

Travelling Towards Unity

To travel towards this glorious unity was the purpose of this splendid conference. Success in its aims would mean at last that all difference between what is religious and what is secular would be swept away, and God would be acknowledged as the head of the whole of life.

Towards this end commissions have been working in a preparatory way for four years. The whole field of the relation of Christianity to human welfare in all its forms has been mapped out into 12 inquiries, and 12 extensive reports have been drawn up. These reports are being published separately by Longmans. The business of the Conference Week was to receive and discuss these reports. Their subjects are The Nature and Purpose of God; Education; The Home; The Relation of the Sexes; Leisure; The Treatment of Crime; International Relations; Christianity and War; Industry and Property; Politics and Citizenship; The Social Functions of the Church; and The Social Effects of Christianity as seen in History.

The Only Secure Foundation

The general tendency of the reports and of the discussions on them was towards recognising Christianity as the only secure foundation for progress. Here are some expressions of opinion:

A century of fancied progress has ended in the greatest catastrophe in history, and the gospel of democracy and nationalism has proved no remedy at all.

Christianity is the only great religion which is not antagonistic but sympathetic to the idea of creative evolution.

But our time has failed to produce saints and thinkers who will keep pace in their own sphere with the scientists.

It is of urgent importance that the handling of the Old Testament should be such that it does not seem to hold up as sacred standards that are obsolete, but gives a picture of that evolution of human ideas of righteousness and God which it is the glory of Christianity to have carried farther.

The family relations of Jacob, David, and other famous personages in Biblical history were such that no self-respecting Church could retain them as members if they acted in the same way today.

A World Fit for Everyone

The Commission on Education points out the need of forming a right idea of what is the most efficient manhood. It is not the masterful personality that secures the most real success, but rather the sympathetic personality.

Here is a memorable saying: "To make the world fit for children to live in would be to make it fit for everyone besides."

The Conference, on the whole, pursued its inquiries and discussions with a wisdom worthy of its lofty aims.

MAKING THE LAND FERTILE

HOW TO PRODUCE MORE FOOD

Lessons We May Learn from Our Neighbours

THE NEED FOR IMPROVEMENT

By Our Economic Correspondent

Most people know that in this country we do not produce all the food we eat.

If we reckon such foods as we can produce ourselves in our climate, we produce something less than half, probably about 45 per cent, of the food we consume. If we reckon all kinds of foods, including tropical fruits, sugar, tea, coffee, and so on, the case is worse. If we think of wheat bread we find that we produce ourselves wheat for about one loaf in five. Moreover, our British wheats do not make such good loaves as foreign wheats, and the ordinary baker uses a mixture of different flours.

Using the Land

When we compare our case with Denmark and Germany, we find we make much less use of our land than they do.

Various authorities have worked out the quantities of food which are produced in Britain, Denmark, and Germany respectively on 100 acres of cultivated ground. Let us see the result.

First as to corn. On 100 acres the British farmer produced 16 tons, the Danish farmer 32 tons, and the German farmer 33 tons. That is a curious contrast, but not so great as that relating to milk.

Of milk, on a hundred acres the British farmer produced about 17 tons, the Danish farmer 46 tons, and the German farmer 28 tons.

In potatoes the Germans showed a very great lead. On a hundred acres the British farmer produced 11 tons, the Danish farmer 17 tons, and the German farmer 55 tons.

Potatoes, of course, are a very important food, containing much more nutriment than most people imagine.

Room for Improvement

With regard to the root crops, on 100 acres Britain produced 94 tons and Denmark 187 tons. The German comparison in this case is not available.

As to meat, the figure is very much alike in each country, being, for 100 acres, four tons in Britain and four tons in Denmark and Germany.

These facts ought to be known to everybody, for it is plain that much more ought to be made out of the fertility of our British soil.

Without suggesting that we can grow all our own food economically, there seems to be a big margin within which we can make a very decided improvement.

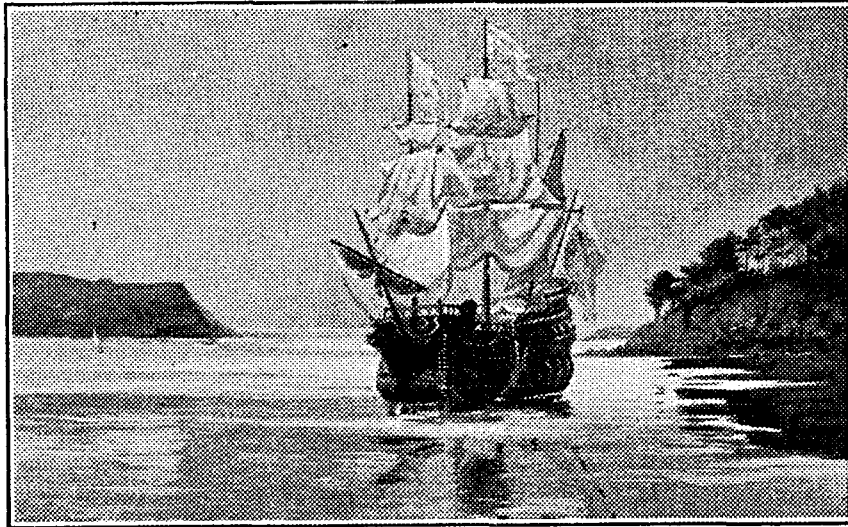
Also, as we never ought to forget, our population is always increasing. Although we lost about three-quarters of a million young men in the war, the United Kingdom has now about 48 million people, as compared with the 46 million of 1914.

Needs of the Countryside

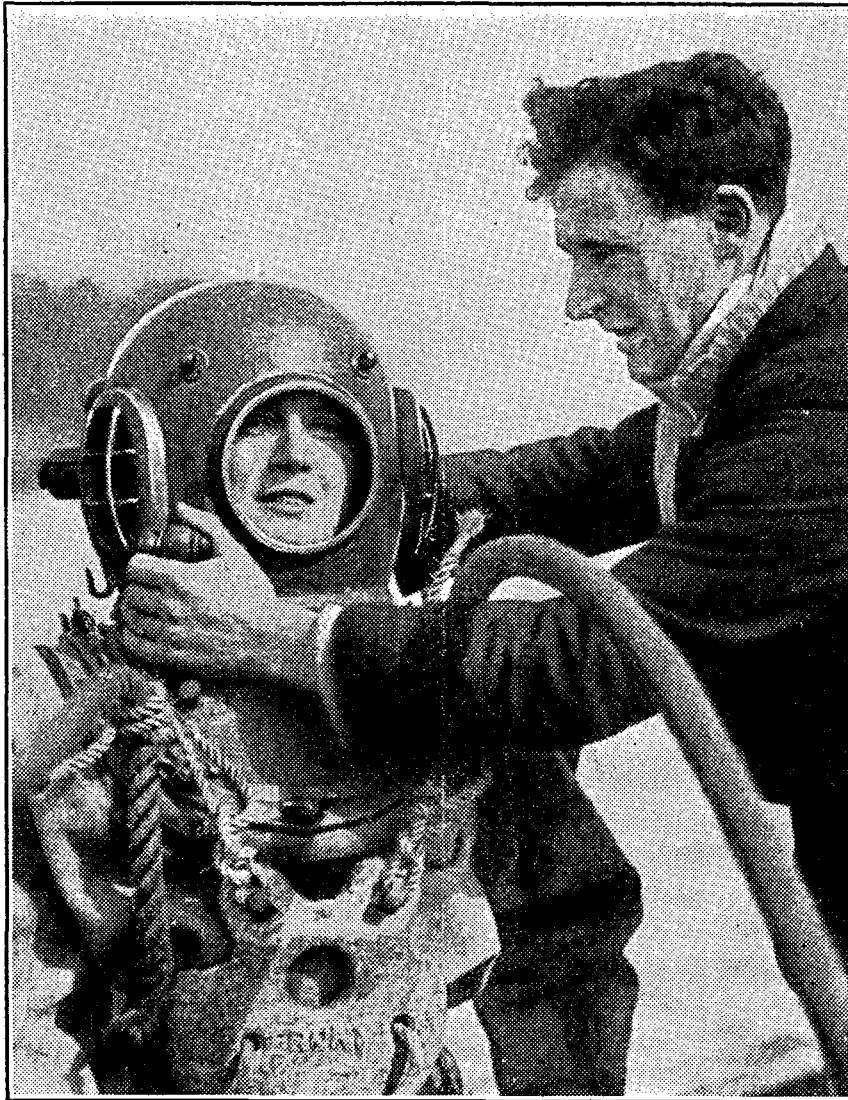
It follows that, year by year, we are feeding a decreasing proportion of our population with food grown on our own soil. This is not only economically bad; it means that from the point of view of defence our position becomes increasingly precarious. And we know what terrible danger we ran in the war, when the submarines threatened to cut off our food supplies, and did actually reduce them seriously.

Our Ministry of Agriculture ought to become an increasingly important department of State. Because most of us live in towns we are in grave danger of forgetting the needs of the countryside.

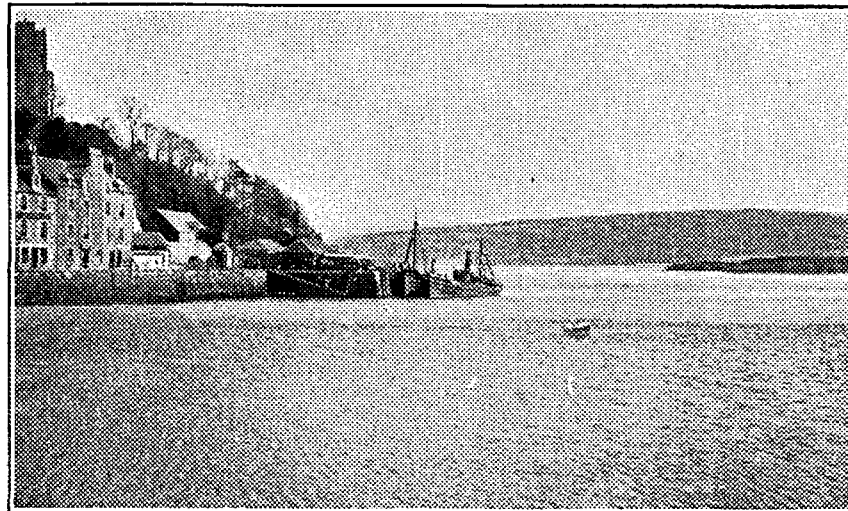
A LADY IN SEARCH OF THE ARMADA



The treasure galleon arriving in Tobermory Bay in 1583



Miss Naylor getting into her diving dress ready to descend



Tobermory Bay, with a buoy in the centre marking where the galleon lies

Miss Margaret Naylor, a lady diver, has obtained the right from the Duke of Argyll to salve the wreck of the Spanish Armada treasure galleon, which was sunk in Tobermory Bay in 1583. Here we see the bay and the galleon, and Miss Naylor about to go down.

THE LEAGUE AND BRAINS

BROTHERHOOD OF POOR SCHOLARS

Finding the Best Way to Help the Struggling Countries

LEARNING AND GOODWILL

We are very proud of our great universities; we know that, if we go to visit them, we shall find libraries lined from floor to ceiling with books, reading-rooms supplied with all the latest periodicals, science laboratories fitted out with splendid instruments and apparatus, museums complete with specimens for observation—in fact, everything that makes study possible and delightful.

But this is not so everywhere. In Eastern Europe there are countries that have only just begun to have a separate life of their own; there are others that have suffered terribly from the war; and students in these countries find it very difficult to carry on their studies.

Often they are very poor and actually in want of food; their libraries have not half the books they need; they have not enough apparatus for scientific experiments; they have not been able for ten years to get the books and papers to keep them in touch with new discoveries; and the wonder is that they try as hard as they do to keep their standard high.

Books Badly Needed

The League of Nations has now come to their aid. It has a committee of men and women from universities all over the world, who are trying to find the best way of helping these struggling countries. They publish a paper in which a list is given of the books and instruments most badly needed, and this paper reaches those who are rich in such things and are willing to give and exchange. They hope to be able to arrange that some of the best students may be received into universities such as our own and given help in the way of scholarships.

So much is the work of this committee welcomed and appreciated by these countries that they have formed committees of their own, by means of which it will be easier to collect all information concerning their own universities, libraries, and laboratories, and to send it to Geneva, and also to benefit by the help that is being procured for them.

The League of Nations is doing this work because it believes that peace can only be enjoyed by the world if men feel goodwill towards each other, and this can only happen when they understand each other. The scholars and thinkers and writers in all countries must keep closely in touch, and spread from one country to another the ideas of peace.

STATION NAMES

Trying to Make Them Visible

The managers of the newly consolidated railways of Great Britain are giving serious attention to the question how to make the names of their stations clear to passengers as the trains draw up at the platforms.

It is an old joke against the railways that we can learn the names of all the best soaps or mustards as we glide into a station, but that the station's name can never be found. As a matter of fact the name is there, but we do not look for it at the right moment or the right place.

The railway managers are trying to find out how we miss the names, and if possible they will put them up in a way we cannot miss. They are trying practical experiments with letters of different shapes and sizes and colours, on boards with different frames, fixed in different positions, and lighted in different ways.

Probably what is most wanted is that the names should be put up in a number of different places, so that if we miss one we shall see the next.

WIRELESS TREAT FOR SCHOOLS

A MASTER OF ENGLISH BROADCASTS

Career of Our Greatest Shakespearean Actor

SIR J. FORBES-ROBERTSON

The Poet Laureate wisely urges that none but people who speak good English should be permitted to broadcast.

Thirteen years ago, when the wireless telephone had not yet come, a critic suggested that the State should broadcast Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson by sending him as a missionary to all parts of the Empire to show what the English language really is.

The B.B.C. is doing magnificent work on the whole, and as its range of performers extends it will doubtless refuse the services of singers and speakers likely to corrupt the pronunciation of the younger generation.

Shakespeare in the Drawing-Room

Nothing could be happier than the new series of lectures to school children, which, begun by Sir Walford Davies, is continued by Sir J. Forbes-Robertson and Sir Francis Younghusband.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson is a man by whose voice and pronunciation we should all be content to have our noble language judged. For he is not only our most gifted Shakespearean actor, but is a master of melodious English.

He is an artist in the true sense of the word. Born 71 years ago in London, son of an eminent writer on art, he was educated at the Charterhouse, the school of Thackeray, but he spent all his holidays in the grave atmosphere of a home in Normandy. During these holidays he and his brothers and sisters used to give performances of Shakespeare in the family drawing-room, with curtains for scenery, shawls for robes, and painted paper for armour.

Dignity on the Stage

In Macbeth the two younger brothers would represent the rival armies of England and Scotland, and would dash rapidly about the stage in order to suggest numbers. A sister would represent Ophelia and the First Gravedigger in Hamlet, and so had to pretend to bury herself and then chat about the tragedy to her relatives.

School over, the lad was fired with his father's love for art, and ran through a brilliant three-year course at the Royal Academy, having among his friends the Rossettis, Ford Madox Brown, and other giants of the art world of that time. For Rossetti he acted as model for Dante in the picture of "Love Kissing Beatrice," now in the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool. Everything favoured a distinguished career for him as an artist, but young Robertson had, in addition to a glorious voice, a strikingly handsome face and figure, and he was lured to the stage to play a part where dignity and grace of bearing were essential.

Plays of which We are Proud

The die was cast and there was no escape from the fascination of the new calling. He played important parts in company with all the great figures of the English stage during the last half century, and with his own company he has given us performances of Shakespeare which will never be forgotten.

All over the English-speaking world he has taken the plays of which we are proudest, and the newspapers of New York besought him to settle down there permanently as "the greatest exponent of the English language we have ever heard in the United States."

We have need of him at home, where our mother tongue is in danger of defilement from slovenliness and slang. The school children who heard him should treasure the memory, for we shall never see him again on the stage.

WARSHIP SINKS FOR PEACE

Funeral of a Battleship IMPRESSIVE SCENE IN SYDNEY HARBOUR

A great battle-cruiser whose destruction was decreed at the Washington Conference has just been given a most impressive funeral outside the finest harbour in the British Empire, at Sydney.

Stripped of all usable material and decorated with flowers, His Majesty's Australian ship Australia was towed 20 miles to sea with an escort of British and Australian warships, while thousands watched her progress from the cliffs. Then all her crew left except the captain, the engineer, and a signalman.

The captain fired a charge, the engineer opened the sea-cocks, through which the water rushed in, and the signalman signalled her foundering. Then the three left her. The warships fired salutes as the great ship turned turtle and sent up a huge waterspout as if in response; while an aeroplane dropped a laurel wreath on the spot where she finally disappeared.

It was a noble death—and in a noble cause, for the Australia was sunk deliberately in carrying out the policy of reduction of armaments, so that it may be said that she died for peace.

A BALLOON AND A GAS LEAK

Odd Way of Stopping an Escape

A novel way of stopping an escape of gas in a big gas main has been tried successfully at Chicago.

Recently there was an escape through a manhole from a twenty-inch main, and the gas was ignited by the back-fire from a motor-car. The flames rose high into the air, and it became necessary to shut off the supply of gas if a disaster were to be averted, for the roaring flame was quite near to high buildings.

While the fire brigade played a stream of water on the front of the buildings to prevent them from catching fire, the gas company's workers dug down to the main on each side of the leak.

Four-inch holes were then bored in the iron pipe, and through these openings deflated rubber balloons were passed with long tubes attached. Air was pumped into the balloons, which at once swelled out, filling the main, and effectually shutting off the gas at each side, so that a moment or two after inflation the flames died down.

A FAMOUS CROSS

Treasure to be Returned to Italy

The famous Byzantine cross which has been the subject of a law case in Glasgow has been returned to the church from which it has been missing in Italy.

The cross, which is said to be worth a quarter of a million sterling, has been in the possession of an ice-cream salesman for some time, and was a few years ago offered for sale in the window of a shop in Glasgow. The cross having been recognised as the cross missing from the parish church at Borgo-Collelegato, in Southern Italy, the church made a claim for its return, and an order was made for the cross to be restored. This was contested, but the ice-cream salesman has now lost the appeal, so that the cross will once more adorn the church.

It is a beautiful piece of work, and is said to have been found in the ruins of a castle after the Messina earthquake.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Byzantine	Be-zan-tin
Ludwig	Loot-vig
Messina	Mes-se-nah
Monte Video	Mon-te Vid-e-o
Serein	Se-ran
Uruguay	Oo-roo-gwi

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

The Canadian Government has abandoned its claim to Wrangel Island.

Nova Scotia has sent over a million barrels of apples to England this season.

A wreath of flowers has been sent in a block of ice from Australia for the Cenotaph.

The Y.W.C.A. is proposing a girls' club for London big enough for 5000 girls to use every day.

Happy Nephew

A Saskatchewan post-office sorter has inherited a million pounds from an uncle in Jamaica.

Record Snow

A record snowdrift was reported from Logan, Canada, this winter. The snow was piled five feet above a windmill forty feet high.

Saving the Babies

In Reading last year the infant mortality rate was only just over 51 per 1000 births, the lowest ever recorded in the borough.

Hotel in the Clouds

The highest hotel in Europe is being built near the summit of the Jungfrau, in the Swiss Alps. The height is nearly 12,000 feet.

The Richest German

It is said that Herr Hugo Stinnes, the richest German citizen, left a fortune of about fifty millions when he died a week or two ago.

Fortune's Wheel

A shabby-looking man who came before a London magistrate was said to be a Russian merchant who once had £10,000 a year.

Hungry Wembley

Wembley has over fifty restaurants and a staff of 7000 working to feed the visitors. Preparations are made for 175,000 meals a day.

Christianity Marches On

The elementary schools of Tokio have been opened for Christian teaching once a week. This is a great step forward for Christianity in the East.

The Clock of the Desert

A surveyor in the Sudan, lecturing in London the other day, mentioned that while in the desert he got his time by wireless from the Eiffel Tower.

Millions for Housing

Since 1920 the London County Council has voted 22 millions for housing, and has been able to spend less than half owing to the difficulty of getting labour.

The Biggest Steel Pipe

A steel pipe made by a British company to carry storm water for a new electric scheme in India, is said to be the biggest ever known, weighing 9000 tons.

America's Juggernaut

Last year in America somebody was killed by a motor accident every 35 minutes. There were 15,000 fatal highway accidents, and 1,700,000 injuries.

Shackleton's Boat

The boat in which Sir Ernest Shackleton sailed 800 miles from Elephant Island to South Georgia has been presented to Dulwich College, his old school.

Colossal Elevator for Vancouver

So much Canadian grain is now being handled via the Pacific Ocean and the Panama Canal that a new three-million bushel elevator is about to be constructed at Vancouver.

Free Railway Passes for M.P.s

Parliament has agreed to give free first-class railway passes to all Members travelling between London and their constituencies. It will cost the nation £70,000 a year.

The Once-a-Year Man

"I shall have two days' work soon," said a man to a judge the other day; "but I have done nothing for a year."

"What is your job?"
"Hot cross bun making."

Napoleon's Nephew

A nephew of Napoleon has just died. He had written nearly a hundred books and papers, and built up a collection of 8000 specimens of minerals, 2,000,000 plants, and 3000 cases of bottles containing specimens of dried fruits.

GENERAL SMUTS

A Crisis in His Career

WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN SOUTH AFRICA?

General Smuts, the Prime Minister of South Africa, has reached a critical stage in his career.

At the elections for the Parliament of the South African Union three years ago his Government secured a majority of 24 in a House of 134. Now that majority has come to four, and he has decided on another election. The prophets say he will be defeated.

The Boers of the veldt are angry at his firm suppression of the rebellion during the war. The British trade unionists are angry at the way he dealt with strike disturbances. The civil servants, Dutch and British, dislike his stern economies after the war.

General Smuts won last time by securing the fusion of the old Unionist Party, chiefly British, with his own party, chiefly Dutch, in a single South African Party; but now his opponents have formed an alliance. They are the Nationalists, mostly Dutch, who would like to restore the old Boer Republics and separate from the Empire; and the Labour Party, mostly British, who want no such thing.

The Nationalists have promised not to talk republicanism in the election or in the ensuing Parliament, but some of their followers keep forgetting the promise, which greatly annoys the Labour men.

The two parties appear to have little or nothing in common except their hostility to the South African Party, and what remains to be seen is whether the electors generally will trust themselves to such a partnership or give a fresh mandate to General Smuts.

THE HEART OF A KING

Richard Coeur de Lion Sleeping in Rouen

The question asked in the C.N. about the whereabouts of the heart of Richard Coeur de Lion has brought some letters suggesting that there is not much doubt the claim of Rouen is stronger than that of the church of All Hallows, Barking, near the Tower of London.

The claim of the London church is vaguely traditional. One of our readers who has seen the heart in an open leaden casket at Rouen says it now consists of only some dried-up particles.

Another reader sends us an account of its discovery from a book dated 1838. It says that some gentlemen of Rouen obtained permission to search for the heart near the high altar, where, according to tradition, it was buried.

There they found a crowned statue of a king, girl with a sword, the feet resting on a lion; and by the side a leaden case inscribed "Richard Coeur de Lion, Duc de Normandie, Roi d'Angleterre."

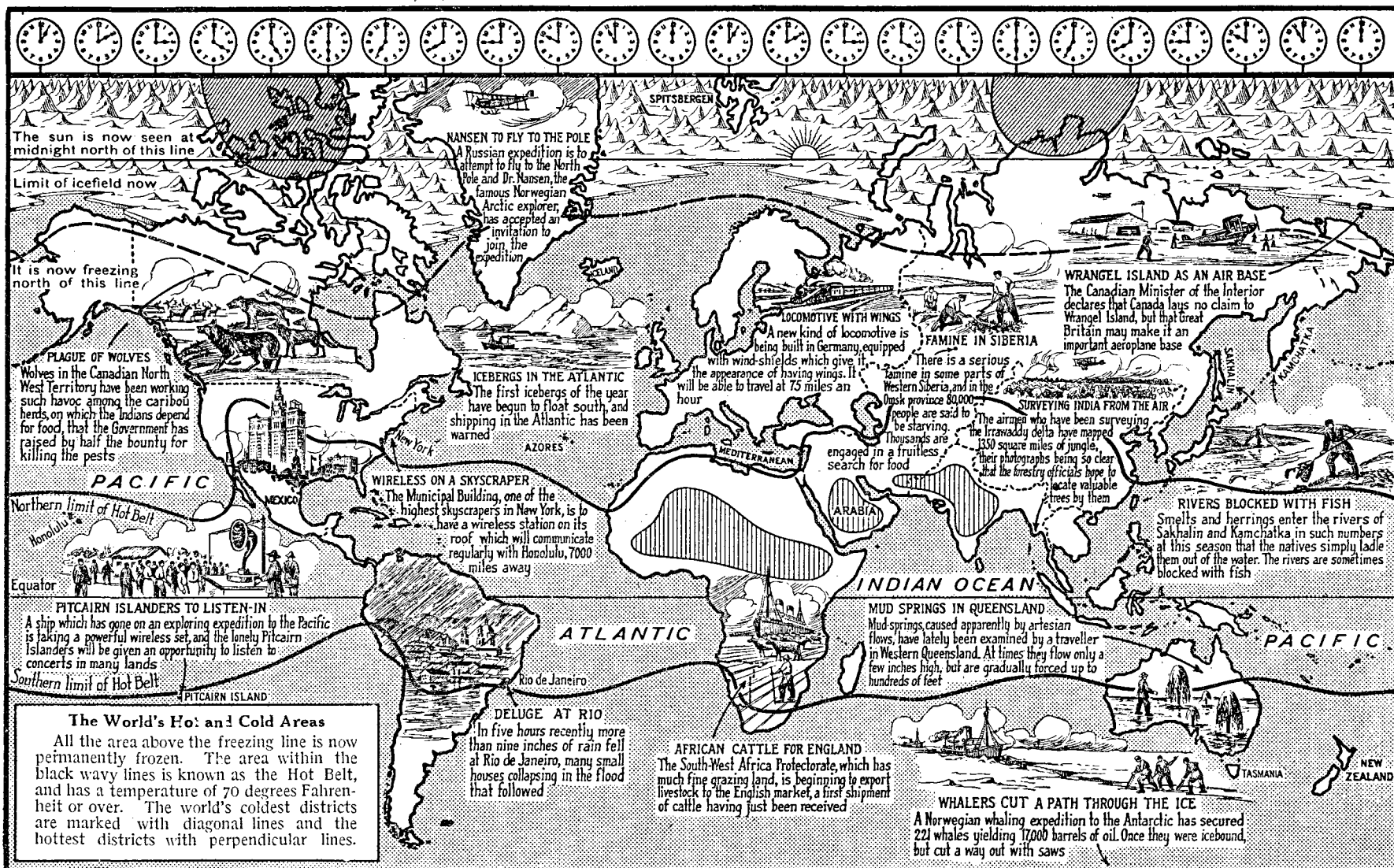
In the lid of the box a hole had been made, apparently to search for valuables, as it was said the leaden case was once enclosed in a silver case. The heart was in the leaden case, and still perfect, though much shrunk. The case was repaired and fastened up in the presence of the city authorities, and a description of what had been done was drawn up and signed by the officials present.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A Beauvais tapestry panel . . .	£2730
A mezzotint by W. Ward . . .	£2467
Shakespeare's Lucrece, 7th ed. . .	£1860
A set of the Cries of London . . .	£1785
A mezzotint after Reynolds . . .	£1333
Panel of Brussels tapestry . . .	£1207
First edition of Gray's Elegy . . .	£470
First edition of Vanity Fair . . .	£465
A Sheraton writing table . . .	£262
An old English clock . . .	£231
Pair of Chippendale chairs . . .	£115
Newfoundland 1s. stamp, 1857 . .	£60

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING THE WORLD'S HOT AND COLD AREAS



TWENTY HOMES OF REST Great Gift to a Village

Few towns of its size (it has but six or seven thousand inhabitants) can have benefited from so many princely gifts from a single family as has Halstead in Essex.

The late Mr. George Courtauld, head of the silk-weaving firm, gave it a cottage hospital, swimming baths, public gardens, and a fountain.

His daughter equipped the hospital with an out-patients' department and an X-ray installation, and now his son, Mr. S. A. Courtauld, has built twenty Homes of Rest, like Tudor cottages, for the aged and needy on the site of an old workhouse. He has presented the trustees with an endowment fund which will pay the rates and taxes and supply gas and fuel.

HANGING FROM AN AIRSHIP

Men Carried Up 300 Feet

While 12 men were holding down the ropes attached to an airship near Rome, a great wind carried the vessel up to a height of 300 feet, and three of the men were taken up with it. Clinging frantically for a time, they let go one by one and were killed.

THE RICH MAN'S MAGIC Doubling a Coin

Every half-crown given to Westminster Hospital in the next six weeks grows into five shillings. Every pound is doubled.

That is the offer made by a rich man for this noble house of mercy.

Will you please send to The Treasurer, Westminster Hospital, London, S.W., one of those magic coins which double themselves by the touch of the rich man's wand?

SPACIOUS ESTATES 7000 Miles of Fence on Two Farms

The biggest sale of pastoral property yet known in Western Australia took place when the extensive stations of Towera and Lyndon, each about 560,000 acres, changed hands. Situated north-east of Carnarvon, Towera has 47,000 sheep, and Lyndon 60,000.

Evidence of the enormous development in this part of the Commonwealth is seen in the 7000 miles of fencing, the 70 wells, and the up-to-date shearing plant of these great properties, which enjoy an average annual rainfall of between 11 and 12 inches.

IF THEY PAID US A Britain without Taxes

If all the countries in Europe would pay us what they owe, every British taxpayer could live tax-free for over two years. That would not be done, of course, but it would be possible.

France owes us 623 millions; Russia 722 millions; Italy 553 millions; Yugoslavia 28 millions; Rumania 24 millions; Greece 23 millions; and Portugal 21 millions. Poland owes us a trifle of about £95,000.

LIVERPOOL AND ITS BOYS

A Chance in the Parks

The Liverpool City Council is anxious to help to find careers for Liverpool boys. The Corporation Parks and Gardens Committee has instituted a system by which boys may come—ten at a time—straight from the elementary schools to learn horticulture.

The boys are to be chosen and recommended by the Education Committee, and must attend technical classes at night. They will be moved from one park to another, and will have a chance of permanent employment later.

SAVED BY A TORCH A Rescue off Nova Scotia

Thanks to a small electric torch, 17 men from the foundered steamer Obernai have been rescued off Nova Scotia.

The SOS had been sent out as the ship was sinking, but in the darkness a cargo boat that had rushed to the scene could find no trace of the survivors, until a tiny point of light pierced the night. The rescuer steered towards it, and found the 17 men in open boats, but nearly perishing from the cold and frozen spray. One had a small electric torch, and this was flashed at intervals so that the boats could keep together.

THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVES FOR HER SHOES 600 Pairs in Her Collection

There was once an old woman who lived in a shoe. There is now an old woman who lives for her shoes.

She is in Ohio, and she has made a hobby of collecting shoes until she has now 600 pairs, all of historical interest. With the exception of the Holy Land, every part of the world is represented in the collection.

LAST OF THE 999

World's Fastest Locomotive

New York Central Engine 999, the most famous locomotive in America, has been withdrawn from service after running for 30 years.

Its fame came through the fact that one day, about ten years ago, when pulling the Empire State Express, this engine made the record speed of 112 miles an hour. This speed has not since been attained anywhere in the world by a locomotive.

AT THE PICTURES

Nearly 600,000 people visited the National Gallery last year, and half as many went to the Tate Gallery.

BRITISH OAKS OF THE TIME OF JESUS

How They Have Come to Light DISCOVERY OF A ROMAN CAMP

British oaks growing when Jesus was born in Bethlehem come to mind in the researches of Dr. Felix Oswald, one of the most patient of our geological and antiquarian workers.

Dr. Oswald has been unearthing, single-handed, the remains of the Roman camp of Margidunum, half-way between Leicester and Lincoln.

The camp was of importance only in the earlier and later periods of the Roman occupation, when it was part of the defences of the line between the Severn and the Trent. Between these times the line was much farther north—from the Solway to the Tyne, and even from the Clyde to the Forth.

Margidunum is supposed to have been burned down by Boadicea, who led a desperate and momentarily successful revolt against Roman tyranny and virtually annihilated the Ninth Legion.

Margidunum was built about 48 A.D. by Ostorius Scapula, and was defended by five ditches and a wooden rampart, which Boadicea burned. Later there were stone buildings, roofed with tiles and windowed with glass.

Iron implements have been found and pottery, which will tell a useful tale of the time. Already Dr. Oswald has restored some 200 urns, which, with other relics, are to be seen in the Nottingham Castle Museum. Oak planks, lining wells, have been discovered as sound today as when first they were hewn from trees which were growing when Jesus walked in Galilee.

THE GAS METER

An American company has adopted a new method of reading gas meters.

The inspector takes a camera with him and photographs every meter instead of reading it in the old way. The negatives are then developed, and the clerks at the head office make up the accounts.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 3

1924

Stars and Coal

The miners are moving again. The nation will soon be thinking of this vast army of men at work in the dark while we are in the Sun.

IMAGINE some starry Being suspended above the British Isles with eyes that can see nothing on the Earth except coal.

What sort of a picture would he behold? He would see under the ground vast walls of coal, and as he looked at them he would see bits continually falling till they formed little heaps at the bottom of the wall. He would see these heaps tossed up till they reached the surface.

Then, in a long line, all those little masses of coal would move across the British Isles at a good pace, dragged apparently by a flaming mass of coal at their head, stopping every now and then to dislodge some of the masses, and again moving on.

Presently our observer would notice that the whole surface of our islands is dotted with these long lines of moving coal pulled by coal on fire, and that at all hours of day and night coal is travelling to every nook and cranny of the country. He would notice that whenever one particular mass is detached from the rest it is flung into new heaps, borne away to some other place, packed in sacks, and again sent out on its journey. He would see it carried in sacks a few yards, tumbled into holes in the ground, tossed into a much smaller receptacle, and thrown on to a little mass of coal on fire in a grate.

Finally he would see that, while all the country is dotted with travelling coal, so is it everywhere spotted and specked with grates of burning coal. Would he not conclude that we are a very primitive people, going an extremely long way round about to get warm?

By seeing the Coal Question from the point of view of the stars we may better realise, perhaps, how enormously coal enters into our whole life, and to what immense pains humanity puts itself in order to obtain heat and power. It is good for us to think of all this; it makes us wonder, not at the dearness of coal, but at its cheapness.

And this, too. Whenever there is a dispute in the coal-fields let us try to cultivate a sympathetic attitude towards those brave men and lads who toil all day in the darkness of the pits, and who have never been known to run away from death when their mates were in distress. In some of these disputes they may be wrong—all human people are sometimes wrong—but they are among the bravest and most useful of all our people, and they should always have a hearing.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



The Small House and the Big Garden

THE chief ambition of one of our great writers was to have a small house and a big garden.

Fame and wealth are good in their way, but of themselves they make no man happy. You are not rich unless you are contented; but if you can earn enough to have a small house and a garden of your own, and can be happy in that, you have as much as riches can buy and a peace of mind that fame never gives, though too often it takes it away.

A Traveller's Tale

By Peter Puck

"CAN you tell me," said the impatient old gentleman, peering in at the booking-office window, "the best way to get to the Isle of Man?"

"The best and shortest way for you to go," replied the clerk airily, "is by Barrow."

"What do you mean, sir?" cried the old gentleman indignantly. "I want none of your impertinence. There is my card. Give me your name, and I will report you to the manager."

"Sorry," said the clerk carelessly. "My name is Wheeler."

Then he glanced at the old gentleman's card, and fainted; for he saw that he was a baronet.

Thumbnail Sketch of a Japanese Gentleman

HE was a young Japanese aristocrat studying in Paris. His friends were chiefly English youths.

They noticed his delight in flowers, his reverent behaviour in the temples of a faith not his own, and his quickness in seeing good and bad points in works of art. They liked him; he loved England, but he said he should go home to Japan to seek a bride before settling down in London, for he held that Asiatics and Europeans cannot truly understand each other.

The English agreed, and then news came of the terrible Japanese earthquake. They hastened to their fellow student with sympathy, and hoped he would soon hear of his parents' safety. His face was like a mask as he replied, "If they are dead, they are dead."

The Englishmen said to one another afterwards that there could be no family love in Japan, and that it was impossible to understand people who would commit suicide if they were affronted, but did not care whether their kinsmen were alive or dead.

Next day a telegram came to say that the student's relatives had been saved. Then the Englishmen saw that what they had taken for callousness was only an armour which he had forced his soul to wear. His eyes filled with tears, and, bowing his head to his hands, he kissed the piece of paper.

Quarrelsome dogs get dirty coats.

The Most Beautiful Thing

What is the most beautiful thing in the world? we asked a friend the other day, and this is the reply.

It is not the high mountain or the deep, tossing sea, or the pageant of the world's flowers. Nor is it the stars by night or the Sun by day.

It is the smile of someone who has tried to forget yesterday's anger, today's unkindness, and tomorrow's trouble, the taunt of an enemy, and the silence of a friend which was worse than the taunt.

Tip-Cat

HIS opponents notice that Mr. Baldwin has no future. Anyhow, he could not have one yet.

AN artist wants to paint the Atlantic. Of course, in water colours.

AMERICAN robins are as large as our partridges. So must be worth more, but they still go cheap.

A HAMPSHIRE florist always has an appropriate piece of verse in his window. Evidently cultivates the flowers of poetry.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
What made the
tree bark

PARK-KEEPERS are said to be poorly paid. Then how can they afford to keep parks?

WE are suffering from too much politics. What we need is more political economy.

IT is suggested that we should have elevated pavements. Then pedestrians could feel that carriage-folk were beneath them.

How can we explain the ills of Germany? Quite simple. H. G. is ours, and they have not got any Wells.

THE cow is said to be the most conservative thing there is today. Yet, like the rest of us, it is only transitory.

His Riches

WE were much interested, in looking up a name the other day, to find of an inventor that "in 1866 he received the nation's thanks, but died poor in 1892." But can any man be poor who receives a nation's thanks?

A Prayer by Dr. Johnson

Almighty God, enable me to conquer all evil customs. Deliver me from evil and vexatious thoughts.

Grant me light to discover my duty, and grace to perform it. As my life advances, let me become more pure and more holy.

Take not from me thy Holy Spirit, but grant that I may serve Thee with diligence and confidence, and when thou shalt call me hence receive me to everlasting happiness.

April Showers

By Our Country Girl

APRIL, I know why you are weeping

(I, too, could cry),
Because sweet health comes backward creeping

To Earth and sky,
Because the hills are veined and bubbling

With little streams
That jet through ling and mosses, troubling

The hills' long dreams
With news of infancy returning

To this old world,
Of banks all buttercup'd and burning,

Of ferns uncurled,
Of newness, sweetness, freshness, blowing

From far away,
From elves' or angels' land, bestowing

This heaven-like day.
Such joy escapes all words and phrases;

For joy one cries!
Even among the sturdy daisies
I see wet eyes.

Lafcadio Hearn

A NEW biography of Lafcadio Hearn has lately been published, and the first part of it makes sad reading.

One of his parents deserted him, the other either abandoned the child or died, and an aunt who took their place for a while also disappeared in some mysterious fashion. The boy drifted about the world in misery for years, doing various kinds of work, and made wretched by the thought that people laughed at his stunted appearance and his one eye.

At length he went to Japan. There, in the land of courtesy and gentleness, of cherry orchards and paper houses, he found happiness. He wrote charmingly about Japanese customs, and, best of all, about their love of children. He was never more lovable than when describing the brown babies, and their parents' belief in Jizo, the god who drives away goblins that frighten children's ghosts at play in the blue-grey shadow world.

It is pleasant to see how at last he quite forgot to be sensitive about his appearance, and to tell merrily of the crowds that would assemble when he arrived at a village inn. The innkeeper would scold them for staring.

"What marvellous is? Theatre is not! Juggler is not! Honourable Guest this is! Now august-time-to-eat-is; to look-at evil matter is!"

The children's voices would clamour back: "Thing-by-looking-at-worn-out-is not!"

And Lafcadio Hearn would smile at them with his one eye.

The Builder

We are all fools until we know

That in the common plan

Nothing is worth the making

If it does not make the man.

Why build these temples glorious

If Man unbuilded goes?

We build the world in vain

Unless the builder also grows.

EDWIN MARKHAM

TEN MEN IN THE GRAND CANYON DOWN THE SEETHING COLORADO RIVER

Boats Tossed Up in the Air Like Balls

78 DAYS OF ADVENTURE

The plan to harness the rushing waters of the Colorado River, where six million horse-power is constantly running to waste, has involved a fresh survey of the river's course, including the majestic gorges of the Grand Canyon, and very thrilling have been the experiences of the surveyors and boatmen engaged.

Up to now only a handful of daring navigators had ever been through the canyon, where the great cliff walls tower up for a mile or more, and are so close at the top that they almost shut out the sky. Now ten men have not only steered their way through the seething waters, but have made a careful survey of the Canyon and the river for 450 miles.

Wildest Water in the World

This course has been described as "a swirling stretch of the wildest water in the world," and it took the intrepid surveyors 78 days to go through it. Every day death stared them in the face. The mad waters in some places hurled their boats about like corks on a torrent, and it was only by a miracle that the slender craft were not dashed to pieces on the rocks.

The surveying of the Colorado River is no new thing. It has been going on slowly ever since the time of Abraham Lincoln, but the Grand Canyon was the part which seemed beyond the powers at the disposal of man.

To get the surveying boats into the river ready for the journey was not easy. They were taken by rail to Flagstaff, Arizona, and then carried with the full equipment of instruments and supplies by motor-lorry 140 miles over some of the roughest country in the world.

Travelling Face Downward

Then at Lees Ferry the boats were let down into the river. Each boat carried three men, one of whom was a highly skilled boatman, and it was his duty to guide the craft safely through the churning rapids while the others made observations. All were clad in special life-saving jackets of cork, and they looked more like aviators equipped for an Arctic flight than boatmen about to survey a river.

Where possible they landed to make surveys, and at other places they took observations while in the boats, as there were not even rocky ledges on which to obtain foothold. Part of the journey they had to make lying face downward in the boats, clinging tightly to the life-lines stretched across to prevent themselves from being whirled out into the boiling rapids around them.

Hurled Out of the Boat

Once a boatman was hurled bodily from his craft, a high wave having caught his boat and tossed it up like a ball. The man turned a complete somersault, and then disappeared completely beneath the waters. His comrades thought he was lost, but he was an expert swimmer, and he pursued and caught his boat, righted it, and climbed aboard while, as one of the surveyors says, "it bucked like a wild horse."

The Colorado, after heavy rains, becomes suddenly flooded, and on one of these occasions the waters rose so rapidly and the torrent became so furious that those at the top of the Canyon cliffs thought the boatmen had all been lost. Aeroplanes went up to search for the missing surveyors, but they could not

SOME BIG BANGS IN MAY

AN experiment in sound which interested many people is to be repeated.

The year before last, as many will remember, a great explosion was let loose at Oldebroek, the intention being to find how far the sound waves travelled, whether they were heard at some places more loudly than at others, and if, at some places where they might have been heard, they were missed.

The reason why such different hearings occur is that when sound waves travel over great distances they seem to miss some places, which are then said to be in zones of silence.

During the month of May in Central France this big explosion is to be repeated on three different days, at a different time each day. People all over France will be asked to listen for it. But the interesting thing will be not to find the distant places where the explosion is heard, but to find the nearer places where it is not heard.

It seems not unlikely that there will be disappointment in this because the silent zones have seldom been noted in the quiet days of summer, though they have been several times recognised in the windy months of winter.

A PARLIAMENT HOUSE FAR AWAY



This queer and lofty building is the Parliament House of the skull-hunting tribes of New Guinea, and stands on the mud-flats of the Purari River delta. The natives are forming a guard of honour to welcome Captain Frank Hurley, the intrepid explorer, who has recently been visiting them. The building is 75 feet high

Copyright photograph by Captain Frank Hurley, supplied by the Topical Press

be seen anywhere, and it was firmly believed that they had met their doom in the dark waters.

But these wonderful boatmen had conquered the torrent, and only when they returned to civilisation did they learn that the world had believed them lost in the flood.

At Separation Rapids the waters have a sheer fall of twenty feet, but this cascade must be passed in boats, for the steep rocky walls make it impossible to land and drag the boats round. One of the surveying boats in passing these dangerous rapids was hurled high in the air and its occupants pitched out.

It looked as though they must be drowned or carried away by the rapids. They were hurled here and there, and for a time quite disappeared from the sight of their comrades. But the others did not spend idle time sorrowing for the apparently inevitable loss of the men in the water. They looked out till they saw them struggling in the torrent, then strove like Trojans to reach them. After what seemed quite an age, and as the result of almost superhuman efforts

and enormous risks to themselves, the crew of one of the boats managed to save all the wrecked men, but one had been almost crushed to death against the rocks.

It is marvellous to think that this perilous voyage was made, and the great survey completed, by ten men, and that only one of them was seriously hurt.

"Imagine," says one writer, "the fury of a Niagara concentrated in a narrow winding channel cut through solid rock, and you will have a faint idea of the racing, rioting torrent of waters on which the explorers rode with the speed of an arrow."

AMERICA'S ENGINES Her Colossal Power Plant

America is justly proud of the railway systems that girdle her vast territories. Her railway power plant now totals 100 million horse-power.

This plant consists of 65,000 locomotives, costing over a million pounds a day to operate. Last year they consumed 140 million pounds' worth of coal,

IS GERMANY TO PAY AT LAST?

THE WAY OF THE EXPERTS

An Opportunity of Bringing Peace to Europe

WHAT THE PROPOSALS MEAN

We may hope that at last, in spite of all the difficulties, there is real hope of a settlement of the vexed question between Germany and the Allies as to what Germany can pay in reparations for the war and how she can pay it. Great Britain is leading on the way towards a final peace.

The report of the Expert Committee appointed by the Allies has led to hopeful discoveries. Rules are to be made for the control of the issue of money from the National Bank, which will give confidence in its value, and steps are to be taken to make national income and expenditure balance each other.

How Germany Will Pay

When this is done it is believed that Germany will gradually grow in prosperity and in ability to pay. It is proposed she should pay in these ways:

1. The German railways should be made into a joint stock company under the control of the German Government, from the profits of which reparation payments should be made, rising from ten million pounds to 33 millions five years hence.

2. There should be a tax on railway transport—passengers and goods—beginning two years hence and producing about 14 millions.

3. All industrial enterprises in Germany should be made to pay interest to the Allies.

4. The whole income from import duties and taxes on tobacco, alcohol, sugar, and beer should be paid over to a receiver, who, after taking a sum ultimately reaching 62 millions a year, should restore the balance to the German Treasury.

Graduated Payments

The amount of the annual payments from all sources is graduated so as to rise from 50 million pounds the first year to 125 millions in the fifth and subsequent years. To ease matters in the first year or two, while Germany is getting on to her feet, a public loan of 40 millions is proposed.

One further important provision is made. The experts say it is one thing to find the money in Germany and another thing to pay it away into a foreign country without upsetting the exchange. When Germany first began to pay reparations each payment was followed by a fall in the value of the mark. The French were naturally very angry, and it is suggested that the Germans did it on purpose. The experts, indeed, have found that certain Germans have made a profit of over 300 million pounds by speculating in the falling mark.

Two Important Points

But the experts declare that, unless certain conditions are observed, the fall of the mark is exactly what must happen, and so it is proposed that a committee of experts on international exchanges should decide every year how much of the reparation money in hand can safely be sent out of the country.

Two important points must be remembered in regard to this scheme. The experts say that Germany can only make these payments if she has control of her whole territory.

This means that France must cease to interfere in the Ruhr, either financially or industrially.

The other important point is that nothing is said about how long Germany is to go on paying.

GOOD NEWS FOR BIRD LOVERS

NATURE SANCTUARIES IN SCOTLAND AND LONDON

Making Little Treasure Island More Beautiful

NESTING BOXES IN THE PARKS

It is not very long since we were thinking of the birds of Farne, and feeling glad that they had been given rights of sanctuary.

Now we get another fine piece of news. Mr. Edward Valpy has bought the whole of the island of Lewis. And do you know what he is going to do with it? Make it a huge home for wild birds.

There are very few places in the British Isles where birds can live free from terror of men with guns. In England these little wild creatures used to live in great numbers; the country was richer in them than we knew. But the only place to meet certain beautiful birds that used to nest in secluded places is now, alas, a natural history museum.

It is Mr. Valpy's wish that these rare wild birds should come home again to our islands. Lewis provides a fairly large shelter, some 56,000 acres. In its long stretches of moorland and free ocean winds the birds will soon re-establish themselves and form colonies of happy life, whence, we hope, they will spread to other places in the British Isles.

The Birds Come to Town

In the meantime, spring is bringing new delights to bird lovers in London. Special preparations have been made in the Royal Parks—Hyde Park, Regent's Park, Kensington Gardens, Richmond Park—to attract birds that generally are a little shy of the town. Nesting boxes have been set for them, and all the pretty lures that bird-lovers know about thrown out, to tempt certain birds to come and spend their singing months in London.

So far, the best place to see them is the sanctuary in Richmond Park; after that, east of Long Water in Kensington Gardens. You may sit there very still and presently see the kingfisher darting in and out, and hear the sedge warbler singing in the water grasses. If you hear a sudden cascade of song, you will know it is the thrush, who sings his song thrice over; and, watching, you may spy his shy cousin, the missel thrush.

Beauty at Our Doors

If you wait longer you will catch sight of the whitethroat and the spotted flycatcher. The tiny willow wren will not be far away. If you are there at dusk you may hear the tawny owl lift up his voice. And who knows, if you keep quite still, that he may not come and perch on a branch just above your head?

All these things make us love our Little Treasure Island more, year by year. There is not a place in the world, as travellers will freely tell us, where so much homely and tender beauty lies at men's doors. And people who read the C.N. in far countries will be thinking to-day of Browning's lovely lines:

O, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

IN OLD CHINA

Kinema 2500 Years Ago

Recent researches are said to prove that the Chinese had a form of the kinema more than 2500 years ago.

The designs were painted on long strips of paper, which were pulled through a sort of lantern-like box and viewed through a slit.

The principle employed would appear to have been similar to that of the cylindrical toy known in England many years ago as the zoetrope.

AT SCHOOL IN THE ALPS

How Swiss Children Amuse Themselves

A BOY'S LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS

An English girl in Switzerland sends us these notes of things that interest her in the life of the Swiss children.

British visitors sometimes wonder why there are no British competitors in the ski-jumping exhibitions.

The reason is that Swiss boys begin ski-ing almost from the time they can walk, so that it is not much good for visitors to try to compete with them.

After school hours you see crowds of boys, some only four or five years old, flying down the snowfields or practising jumping off a step cut in the hillside. They also run about in the snow on skates, and are absolutely fearless skaters. On the ice they play hockey and "catch" at tremendous speed.

Of course, most of the grown-ups and children have their own toboggan or "luge," and it is very exciting to luge, on a properly-made run. There are shrieks of delight as the luges rush along, sometimes bouncing in the air and losing their riders, but no one minds falling in the snow. Swiss boys generally luge head first, which is the fastest way but rather dangerous; they often join several luges in a long string, and get up a great speed.

Playtime in the Winter

Winter is the great playtime for Swiss children. During the rest of the year the boys get some football, but there are no organised games at school, and it would be hard to find a level field where they could be played. Instead, once or twice a term the whole school goes off to some place of interest for a two-day expedition, walking a good part of the way.

In the vine-growing districts the children get ten days' holiday at the grape harvest, and spend their time helping their parents in the vineyards. After the harvest, they are allowed to hunt for grapes left on the vines.

Swiss Boy Scouts have splendid opportunities for tracking and camping. The bigger boys sometimes start off before breakfast, carrying their food with them, and spending the day climbing and exploring. They think nothing of including a climb of 1000 feet or more.

A GREAT DAY FOR PERSIA

And What the Clerks Did With It

It was a great day in Persia when the Shah Nasr ed Din introduced the electric telegraph, but the merchant in his counting-house and the banker in his parlour were considerably puzzled by the first telegrams they received.

These worthy people might have been seen, with their hands to their heads and a look like the pain from toothache in their troubled eyes, staring for hours at their first telegrams, and muttering such words as these, "Am I mad? Is this machine sane? Help!"

For example, one of the messages might have run like this: Pls frwd n hndrd crpts nd thr hndrd rgs b nxt stmr cae oa oe ue ae a ee ue u y e eae.

The Persian clerks, being conscientious men, had picked out all the vowels, then arranged the consonants in order, and finally had presented the vowels by themselves. It would have been simpler, of course, to write the message as it came in, "Please forward one hundred carpets and three hundred rugs by next steamer"; but simplicity seldom satisfies an enthusiast for hard work.

Now that the Persian clerks transmit the messages as they come in, the electric telegraph has ceased to be regarded as a romance. But wait till those ingenious Persian clerks get hold of a two-valve wireless set! Persia has plenty of fun before it even now.

C3 GOING

Where the Illness Comes From

LET HOUSING REFORM GO ON

The people of Britain, it seems, are no longer to be classed as a C3 nation, but they are still far short of class Ar.

Last year the children were better in physique, health, and cleanliness than ever before. But while from 80 to 90 per cent were born healthy, 35 to 40 per cent of the children admitted to school at five bore physical defects which could have been either prevented or cured.

All this said Sir Kingsley Wood, M.P., presiding at a conference of insurance authorities in London the other day.

He added that a child born now had an "expectation of life" 12 years longer than that of a child born 60 years ago.

Colonel Wedgwood, M.P., a member of the Government specially interested in health insurance, told the same gathering that nearly a sixth of the illness of the insured workers was due to diseases classed as rheumatic, largely caused by damp homes.

For both the children's ills and those of their elders the demolition of slums, the abolition of cellar dwellings, the abatement of overcrowding, and better houses, letting in sunshine and air, are the most urgent cure.

So let us get on with housing reform, and talk less about it.

A RADIUM IDEA

Doctor's Startling Theory

For many years the doctors of the world have been trying to find out the cause of cancer, but so far they have not succeeded.

Now comes the most startling of all theories, which is that cancer is caused by radium. In a letter to the British Medical Journal, Dr. W. S. Lazarus-Barlow, the Director of the Cancer Research Laboratories at the Middlesex Hospital, suggests this as a useful line of action in cancer research.

Minute but definite quantities of radium are known to be often present in cancer; though the element is absent from normal tissues; and from his own observations Dr. Lazarus-Barlow believes that if local conditions are in progress at a time when traces of radium are circulating in the fluids of the body, the radium may affect the cells in a way that leads to cancer.

It would indeed be startling if radium, which has been regarded as a cure for many ills, should prove to be the cause of one of the greatest scourges from which the human race suffers.

LORD SHAFTESBURY'S LEGACY

A Record of Eighty Years

To celebrate its eightieth birthday, Mr. David Williamson has written a vivid and interesting record of the 80 years' work of the Shaftesbury Society.

It is an amazing record of one of the best-known philanthropies in the world, and throws light on the social and industrial history of England in the 19th century from a peculiarly human angle.

Lord Shaftesbury was one of our greatest leaders in new forms of Christian social service, and in this book we have a thrilling account of part of his great work for the children of England. He felt the burden of Darkest England, and spent his long life in helping thousands towards the light.

Mr. Williamson's capital little book, with its host of illustrations, is a worthy record of work done and dreams that are being fulfilled. It costs only 2s. 6d., and is published by Hodder and Stoughton.

SOMETHING HAPPENS IN THE THAMES

RIVER GETTING DEEPER AND SWIFTER

What London's Waterway Carries to the Sea in a Year

NAVIGATION POSSIBLE FOR BIGGER SHIPS

The Thames is getting deeper in its lower reaches, and is flowing more swiftly than it used to do.

For a long time past the Port of London Authority has been trying to make the waterway available for larger vessels, and has been dredging and clearing the channel and confining it within narrower limits.

This has had the effect of increasing the rate of the current below London Bridge by at least a mile an hour, and the increased rate is reacting upon the channel, scouring it and making it deeper in all states of the tide.

Rivers flow much less swiftly than most people suppose. A moderate rate of flow is about a mile-and-a-quarter an hour, while that of a raging torrent is only 18 or 20 miles an hour. Most of the larger rivers of Britain flow at from one to three miles an hour, so that we can walk on the banks and easily outstrip the current.

The River's Heavy Load

Of course, the more rapidly a river flows the better able it is to carry away stones, gravel, and other solid matter washed from the banks and bed. It has been estimated that the Thames carries annually into the sea 1,865,903 cubic feet of solid sediment, in addition to the 548,230 tons of carbonate of lime, sulphate of lime, and other salts in solution. On the whole, according to the late Professor Huxley, the Thames carries down to the sea every year 14 million cubic feet of solid matter.

With the increase in the rate of current this quantity will probably also be increased by some millions of cubic feet, all of which have hitherto been deposited on the river bed. It is quite evident, therefore, that the filling up of the channel will be prevented, much dredging rendered unnecessary, and the river made more serviceable for shipping.

Rushing Mountain Torrents

Two other factors beside the form of the channel determine the rate of flow of a river. An increased volume of water, due to heavy rains and snows and swollen tributaries, means an increased current; and the angle of slope of the river bed also determines the swiftness. Thus the Missouri, with a fall of 28 inches in the mile, flows much more rapidly than the Volga, whose fall is only three inches in the mile. Some mountain torrents have a fall of as much as 25 feet in the mile.

THE AGE OF LITTLENESS

How are We to Get the Great Man?

This is an interesting note from a speech Commander Carlyon Bellairs has been making to the Poetry Society.

This was the age of littleness—of little poets, little statesmen, and little moral courage. We lived from hand to mouth, from crisis to crisis, and, worst of all, we had an ex-Lord Chancellor deriding ideals in a lecture at a university. The twentieth century had produced no great man, but a plague of critics.

He did not believe we were shooting Niagara, but we were going through the throes of a new birth, and now was the time to emancipate the future great men from the era of the small men. The great poet must precede the great statesman, and the question was, How were they to get him?

THE GREAT BATTLE OF LONDON

STREETS AS A STRICKEN FIELD

Seventy Thousand Accidents in the Capital Every Year

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

When we look through the report of street accidents in London last year, we almost wonder if London is at war.

Nearly 70,000 street accidents in twelve months, and 667 people killed, or two every day if some Sundays are left out; or else we may console ourselves that only one person is killed on those less busy days!

The population of Greater London is roughly put down as seven millions, many of whom never come within teeming London's central roar and its bewildering mass of motor-cars, motor-lorries, buses, and trams; but if there were 70,000 accidents then one person in every hundred of London's millions has a street accident once a year—one in every 20 or 30 families! The other 99 people in the hundred escape; but how long will they do so?

Growing Dangers

Some figures have been got out by the Safety First Council which do not make us hopeful. The number of accidents and deaths has risen, and is rising, as the number of motor vehicles increases.

London has 100,000 motor vehicles and had 667 deaths. New York has 300,000 motor vehicles; it is only half the area of London, so that its traffic is much more congested, and it had 964 deaths. Paris is worse. Its number of accidents last year was 109,000, about 40,000 more than London, though it has a smaller population and a smaller area. The notorious recklessness of Paris motor-drivers has something to do with that.

A Tribute to the Busmen

It will be seen that at present London is better off than either of these cities, and England is better off than the United States, where 10,000 people are killed every year against Britain's 3000. But then there are seven times as many motor vehicles in the States as in Great Britain. The accident threat in all countries where the motor is storming the streets and roads is about the same.

The question that concerns everybody is what is to be done to prevent things growing worse. Can we prevent it as the traffic jam grows thicker and thicker, and motor-buses, lorries, cars, and cycles multiply, or must we fold our hands and say these accidents are inseparable from progress?

The Safety First Council supplies us with some sort of an answer. It begins by asking what sort of vehicles do the damage. For their number the motor-buses, which are driven by men who have to pass strict tests, do the least harm, and that is an enormous tribute to the men's skill and carefulness when the cumbrousness of a bus is taken into account. It is a threatening fact, however, that last year the trams and buses killed 125 people, 30 more than in 1922.

Need for Greater Care

But the trade and commercial vehicles, the lorries and the tradesmen's vans, some of them, as we all know to our cost, driven by young and careless people, killed 221, and caused more than one-sixth of the 70,000 accidents. Before laying most of the blame on them, let us hasten to say that private motor-cars, for the careless driving of which there is no excuse at all, caused a thousand more accidents, and killed 184 people. Motor-cycles killed 39 people, and

BUILDING UP SMALL TOWNS

Great Australian Idea Doing Well

1000 ACRES AND MONEY FOUND

The Agent-General for Western Australia has been lecturing in London on the success of the Group Settlement system, which brings small communities of settlers together for mutual support, and thus avoids the loneliness which so depresses the individual settler.

The group method began in 1908, when Sir James Mitchell, who is now the Premier of Western Australia, settled fifty surplus civil servants and fifty unemployed labourers on virgin land in that State. The civil servants had very little capital, and the labourers had none.

Each man was given about 1000 acres, and the Agricultural Bank advanced the money. The beginning was not easy, but now nearly all the hundred settlers are prosperous farmers. Most of them have repaid the loans they received, and a few have retired with a competency.

The system has been gradually extending until the yield of wheat in Western Australia has increased sevenfold, and the yield of wool sixfold. The total value of wool production has reached £4,000,000.

The group settlement scheme is open to emigrants, and also to people in any part of Australia. Sir James Mitchell has arranged a scheme for the assistance of emigrants between the Imperial and Commonwealth Governments.

Workers for the Farms

Under that agreement 100 groups, each of 20 families, were formed last year, the number of individuals, including children, being 8235. The outflow of emigrants averages two groups a week, each of 20 families, or 8000 souls a year.

The classes specially needed are men and boys for farm work, domestic servants, families for group settlement, and men with capital. All who are assisted must engage to remain at farm-work for a year or repay the grant.

An extension of the settlement scheme contemplates assistance to 100,000 suitable emigrants from Great Britain. Of course, besides the people who settle on the land for agricultural work, a larger number will be needed to provide the goods they will require.

On capital provided for settlers by the State interest must be paid for ten years, and then for 20 years interest must be paid and a sinking fund be provided to repay the loan.

Reports from all quarters express satisfaction at the success of this Western Australian attempt to people the State with an essentially British population.

Continued from the previous column

caused over 4000 accidents. Taxis did least damage of all; but even they were responsible for 24 deaths.

It is clear from some of these figures that there is carelessness or want of skill somewhere, and it is not hard to say where.

We must sorrowfully admit that the pedestrian will apparently have to take better care of himself. Gone are the days when he had a right to the road; he exercises that right now at his own risk. He must always keep in mind the thought of his own safety first, lest no one else does. He must cross the road by subways and shelters.

But there is one class of the population whose care is everyone's; we mean the children. The least that can be done for them, if we are to keep them off the streets which for so many generations have been their playground, is to give them real playgrounds and open spaces to play in.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

Which Two Chapters of the Bible are Alike?

The 19th chapter of the Second Book of Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah.

What is a Baby Swan Called?

Cygnets, which is simply a diminutive form of the French word for swan, cygne. A female domestic swan is called a pen.

Do We Get One Pound of Ice from One Pound of Water?

Certainly, but the pound of ice occupies more space than the pound of water. That is why ice floats.

What was the Purse of Fortunatus?

Fortunatus was the hero of an old Italian tale, who had an inexhaustible purse. To find Fortunatus's purse means to be in luck's way.

What is Serein?

This is the term used for fine rain falling from an apparently cloudless sky. It is a very rare event, and occurs when the air is temporarily supersaturated.

What is the Origin of the Word Alphabet?

It is made up of the first two letters of the Greek alphabet, alpha and beta. For a history of the alphabet read Edward Clodd's Story of the Alphabet.

Why Does Sugar Candy?

Because it is a crystalline substance, and as the moisture evaporates the sugar forms into crystals, the process continuing rapidly when it has once begun.

Why Do We Sing the Psalms?

The Book of Psalms was the hymn-book of the Hebrews, and also of the early Christians, and the practice of singing or chanting them has continued through the ages.

What is Balata?

A gum produced by the Mimosa tree of British Guiana and other parts of tropical America. It is first a milky juice, and then hardens, being much like india-rubber, and it is specially suitable for making belting.

What is Ellis Island?

Ellis Island is a small island at the entrance to the Hudson River at New York where third-class immigrants are received and examined, and detained, if necessary, in buildings erected for the purpose.

Why Does the Mean Sea-Level Vary at Different Places?

Where great land masses are near the sea, as on the American side of the Pacific, the waters are attracted up a little by the mountains, and the sea-level is higher than it would be adjoining a plain.

What is the Rice Paper Plant?

A native shrub of Formosa known to botanists as *Fatsia papyrifera*. It grows about eight feet high, and yields the pith which makes the delicate so-called paper used by Eastern artists.

Why Does a Gentleman Raise His Hat?

This custom is a relic of the old days of chivalry when knights rode about in armour. When he entered the house as a guest the knight removed his helmet to show that he relied not upon his steel but upon the protection of his host, and when talking to a lady he took it off out of respect to her.

How Does a Wireless Message Carry Through the Air?

A wireless message, which travels by electricity, goes not only through air but through other substances also, even through the Earth itself, as when a wireless message is sent to a coal mine or an underground railway train. Electricity is not a substance that moves from place to place like water running through a pipe; it consists of waves in the ether that fill all space.

How Do We Know There is Helium in the Sun?

By means of the spectroscope. The various elements give a different arrangement of black lines in the spectrum, and when a new spectrum was discovered in the sunlight it was seen to be due to a hitherto unknown element, which was called helium, from the Greek word *helios*, meaning the Sun. Then men searched in the Earth, and found it here also.

Why are Stables Called Mews?

The Latin word *mutare* means to change, and from this came the old French verb *muer*, to change, which in course of time was given the additional meaning of to moult, a bird changing in appearance when it moults. From *muer* was derived the old English word *mewe*, a cage where hawks were kept when moulting. Afterwards it meant any cage for hawks, and when, in 1534, the royal stables were rebuilt on the site of the mews, they also were called mews, and the name was eventually applied to other stables.

COMING TRANSIT OF MERCURY

PLANET'S PATH ACROSS THE SUN

An Important Warning to Amateur Astronomers

THE LITTLE BLACK BALL

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

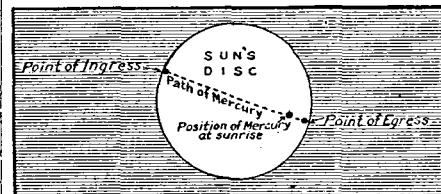
Early next Thursday morning Mercury will appear on the Sun's face.

The Sun will rise at 5.22 a.m., summer time, and Mercury will then—if looked at through an astronomical telescope with *Sun glasses*—be seen as a little round, black disc, between us and the Sun.

He will be toward the end of his transit, which will finish at 6.39 a.m., as seen from Britain; so there will be just time to see the little world as if it were projected on the Sun.

If there are any of those great solar cyclones called sun-spots present, it will be seen that Mercury, notwithstanding his circumference of 9300 miles, could easily be lost in one of those raging whirlpools of fire.

Unfortunately, all this phenomena is quite invisible to the naked eye, and *field or opera glasses must not be used*, for



Path of Mercury across the Sun's Disc. The tilt varies according to the Sun's altitude

the eyes would be seriously injured if any attempt were made to look at the Sun through them.

The planet will only be about one-eighth the width of the Sun's face away from the edge of the same at sunrise, and in the course of the next hour will reach the edge by 6.36. During the next three minutes the little black ball of Mercury will gradually pass over the Sun's edge and vanish in the sunlight beyond.

A feature closely watched for at this stage will be the presence of a bright ring of light around the planet's black disc. This, if seen, will indicate the presence of an atmosphere round Mercury. It is a phenomenon very striking in the case of Venus when she is in transit.

In Mercury's case there is very little evidence of an atmosphere, and generally astronomers fail to perceive any ring of light, indicating therefore that Mercury is, like the Moon, airless, or almost so.

But some astronomers assert that they have seen the ring of light, which, if it exists, would entirely alter prevailing ideas as to the possibility of Mercury's being habitable.

A Long Transit

The transit of the planet across the Sun's face takes about eight hours, beginning at 10.44 p.m. the night before, after the Sun has set, of course, in these islands. It is only in the eastern half of Australia, the Eastern Pacific, and Japan that the entire transit will be visible.

As can be seen from our map, Mercury will appear to pass across almost the centre of the Sun. This fact makes this transit an exceptionally long one; there has not been a transit of such long duration since May 5, 1707—in the days of Queen Anne. The next transit will be on November 9, 1927, but then, as now, only the finish, early in the morning, will be visible in Britain.

Actually Mercury is now almost midway between us and the Sun, about 52 million miles off; but, owing to the great eccentricity of his orbit, he sometimes comes nearer, and is not much more than 49 million miles away. This is when he is at his farthest from the Sun.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. Mars rises about 2.30 a.m., Jupiter about 11 p.m. Saturn is in the south-east of an evening; Venus in the west.

EAGLE FEATHER

A Tale of White Men
Among the Red Men

Set down by
John Halden

CHAPTER 24

The Homeward Journey

DAVID's keen eyes and ears detected many signs that he and Eagle Feather were followed and watched by Indians in the thick forest through which they went on their way back to the caravan.

He said nothing about it to his companion, however. If treachery were intended, certainly Eagle Feather knew nothing about it. So David kept his loaded rifle in the hollow of his arm, as usual, and merely kept silently on the alert for any hostile signs.

When the light had quite faded from the sky they thought of pitching camp. But from the top of a little hill Eagle Feather saw a column of smoke arise.

"There is our camp for the night," he said. "See, brother, the squaws have made ready for us."

They went in the direction of the fire, and found that the squaws, who had trotted out in a quick jogging single file before the boys, had already found a camping ground by a stream.

"This is a more luxurious camp than I had last night, surely," laughed David, as he saw the kettles steaming over the fire.

He followed Eagle Feather into the wigwam, and found blankets laid on two beds of thick moss.

"Are you always accompanied by a retinue like this?" he asked, as he followed the Indian boy's example and threw his pack on the ground.

"Very seldom," answered Eagle Feather. "It is intended to do you honour."

"Many thanks," laughed David; "though I hope you don't think I need this coddling."

Eagle Feather laughed in answer. "With such big limbs as yours I think you could go anywhere unafraid and unwearied. And with such keen ears and eyes, nothing should escape you."

As he said this he looked a little curiously at David, and the English boy knew that he was wondering how much he had heard of the followers in the underbrush.

Had it been anyone but Eagle Feather, David might have suspected his reticence in not speaking frankly, especially when the Indian boy added, "Why do you keep your gun in your hand, White Brother? Why did you not leave it in the wigwam, as I did mine?"

Frankness was an essential part of David's nature, so he answered the whole truth.

"Blackfish has sent warriors to follow us," he said. "I have heard them and seen their traces all about us as we came through the forest."

"Good!" said Eagle Feather. "Few white men have ears so sharp that they can hear the Indian when he wishes to move in silence. You are a fine scout. I, too, have heard them, but I am an Indian, and accustomed to these things."

"But what does it mean?" cried David.

"I did not wish to alarm you, for I am certain that no harm is intended. Blackfish has sent his followers to watch us, and see that everything is carried out as promised," answered the Indian.

"But I gave my word!" said David, rather angrily.

Eagle Feather looked genuinely regretful.

"I am sorry," he said, "but you must not take offence. Blackfish has been very bitter since his son was killed by the white man. He has sworn that he will never again accept a white man's word without taking precautions."

"So you are certain we need not expect an attack unless—"

"Unless those who watch us come to believe that what is

promised will not be fulfilled," answered Eagle Feather, and added impulsively, as he saw the anger in David's face, "Forgive me! It is not I who think this, but my brother. And his belief has come to him through bitterness!"

David's anger went as quickly as it had come.

"I agree to that," he said. "The backwoodsmen, some of them, have queer and wicked ideas. They think that if they find a wrong done by an Indian they have a right to 'revenge themselves by killing the first red men they meet.'"

"But you, David, you have found out that we are not all bad men, have you not?" said Eagle Feather anxiously.

David replied with a frank smile. "I know I'd rather take an ordinary Indian's word than that of an ordinary white man, any day."

"Not but what there are white men I'd trust round the world and back again, just on their spoken word," he added hastily. "My father is one, and Daniel Boone another."

"Ah, Daniel Boone," said Eagle Feather, "the great scout! All the Indians know him, and respect and love him. He fights us, but he fights fairly, and not for hatred, but because he believes he is right and we are wrong."

The boys had been sitting beside the fire, sniffing impatiently the savoury odours from the kettles. They were both hungry from their tramp through the woods and the sharp cool air. David, with a shrug of his shoulders, had decided to forget as much as possible the watchers from the underbrush. They were irritating, but there was nothing to be done about it, and, after all, the suspicions of Blackfish were merely founded on past experience, and so really to be blamed on Jake Simpson and his hot-tempered kind.

Now, at last, the meal was ready. "Good enough! I'm starving!" said David, as he saw the steaming earthenware bowls.

Eagle Feather looked at him a little anxiously. He had not yet got used to the exaggeration in which David delighted.

"Not really, I hope?" he said, fearing that his friend had not been sufficiently nourished in the Indian camp.

David had just set his teeth into a large ear of corn, so he could make no reply but a reassuring nod of his head.

Have you ever eaten corn on the cob? It is one of the most delicious of the foods native to America. When Indian corn, or maize, is green, its kernels are full of a sweet, delicately-flavoured milk. Americans boil these tender ears of corn, and eat them hot, spreading them with butter and salt.

That is what David had for his supper that night, with barbecued venison and hot cornbread.

After supper Eagle Feather smoked his pipe, and David lay stretched on the ground, head propped on his hands, looking into the fire and telling the fascinated Indian boy the tales the older settlers told of life in England.

"In England there are great castles of stone, as big as mountains," said David, "and all the ladies wear silk dresses—"

"What is silk?" asked Eagle Feather.

"It's a rustling stuff that shines in the light," explained David. "One of the ladies in our caravan has got a dress of it put away. Her grandmother gave it to her. I'll ask her to let you see it when we get there."

"It must be beautiful," said the Indian boy, resuming his smoking.

"There are kings there, too," continued David. "My father saw one once. He shouted Hurrah! with all the people—though it was

King George the Third, and Jake Simpson says he ought to be ashamed to have shouted for such a wicked monarch. Of course, Jake's not very intelligent; he always says what he hears others say."

"That is stupid," remarked Eagle Feather.

"Though I don't hold much with kings myself," added David, "especially George the Third. I'd like to see a princess, though."

"My mother was a princess," Eagle Feather spoke with simple dignity.

David rubbed his chin.

"Yes, I hadn't thought of that," he said. "Still, she's not the sort I meant exactly—the sort that wears silk every day, and a crown of diamonds and pearls, and rides in a golden coach. Just the same, for beauty and sweetness I reckon your mother could beat them all. They do say that an Indian princess named Pocahontas was taken to England and they made a whopping big fuss about her."

By now the moon was high above them, and the fire was dying down. The squaws had long before retired to their own camp a short distance off.

So, yawning, the two boys entered their wigwam, and threw themselves down on the blankets to sleep till dawn.

CHAPTER 25

A Narrow Escape

THE next morning David was awakened suddenly by a sharp rat-tat-tat at the door of his wigwam.

He leaped to his feet and had reached for his gun before he realised that it was only a squaw beating with a wooden paddle on a hollow gourd to announce that breakfast was ready.

There were fish sizzling on the coals and a gourd full of hot soup waiting when, a minute later, the two boys dashed past the fire to wash in the stream.

"This is the most luxurious wilderness march I have ever undertaken," laughed David to Eagle Feather, as he splashed cold water on his face. "I feel like an aristocrat, being waited on like this!"

"Two of the squaws will return home now," answered the Indian, "for we should reach your people before noon."

"I will send back a letter of thanks to your father, then," said David, and, stripping a piece of white bark from a birch tree near by, he occupied his time between mouthfuls of breakfast in an attempt at picture writing.

He had used a bit of charcoal from the fire, and when finished the letter showed two very fat and lazy

figures being fed by a little group of squaws.

"That's you, Eagle Feather!" he said. "I've given you a head-dress that you're not really wearing so that they can tell us apart."

"I'm not so fat as that," protested Eagle Feather seriously.

"Neither am I," answered the amateur artist. "But we both will be if this lazy life continues."

David wrapped the picture in an embroidered handkerchief, his best, that Nancy had made for him. He knew she would not mind his giving it to the kindly old chief.

Eagle Feather admired it immensely, and had picked out, with David's help, the letters of the motto "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not Want," stitched in red and blue by Nancy's clever fingers.

"I'd give it to you, Eagle Feather," David had said; "but I've a notion that when Nancy hears how good a friend you've been to me she'll want to make you one specially for yourself."

The two boys left the squaws clearing camp. Those who bore the gifts would follow; the others would return to Cornstalk, their duty done.

As they went swiftly through the forest they occupied their time talking eagerly, cementing their friendship. Eagle Feather was particularly interested in the motto he had just learned to read.

"Who is this Shepherd?" he asked.

David had been thinking it over. "Do you know, Eagle Feather, I've always been brought up to believe that God belonged specially to Christians. I reckon that was mighty conceited of me, for since hearing your father talk about Owanee, the Great Spirit who watches over the Indians, I think we both worship the same God, according to our understanding of Him. Those who talk about such men as your father as heathens are simply talking through their hats."

Eagle Feather did not follow this reasoning completely, never having thought of himself as a heathen, but he understood the friendliness behind David's words, and that was enough for him. The two boys went on in silence for a time.

David had not forgotten the presence of the spying warriors; he caught no glimpse of them, but the slightest signs—signs that would have escaped anyone but a well-trained backwoodsman—told him they were always near.

By this time, however, he was convinced that they meant no harm unless he should seem to be intending treachery. So, as he had a good conscience, their presence worried him very little.

The boys made swift progress. Both were trained to such journeys. Sometimes they accelerated their pace by catching hold of the long tough tendrils of the wild grape vines that hung from the trees, and swinging themselves many yards through the air.

They did this now for fun. But both knew it as a very good way to obliterate a trail, had that been necessary. Such progress left no tracks.

So it happened that almost before they knew it they were at the settlers' camping ground. David, in making a long swing on a grape vine, had dropped a moccasin that had become loosened. He went back to look for it, and Eagle Feather, not noticing, went on.

So it happened that David, hurrying to catch up, found Eagle Feather looking down with amazement from a little rise on the humming camp, where every indication pointed to a hasty departure.

"But what does this mean, White Brother?" asked the Indian boy.

David's only reply was to seize his friend's arm and throw him roughly to the ground. He was just in time. A bullet whistled through the air and struck a tree exactly behind where Eagle Feather had been standing!

Who Was He?

A Great Patriot

IN the days when Napoleon was at the height of his power, a son was born to a small ship-master at Nice who was to become known as one of the greatest patriots in history.

His father wanted him to be a priest, but the boy had no liking for such a calling. He wanted to go to sea, and as soon as he was old enough he made one or two voyages.

His native country, though one in sentiment and nationality, was divided up into a number of petty states under different rulers, and it was the ambition of certain young patriots to unify the country under one rule. With these the young mariner threw in his lot, and soon he consecrated his whole soul and energies to the redemption of his native land.

He became mixed up in an insurrection, and only managed in the nick of time to escape in disguise to an adjoining country. In his absence he was sentenced to death. He went across to Tunis, and then sailed for Brazil, where the province of Rio Grande had just proclaimed itself an independent Republic. He entered the service of this State, and fought with great bravery.

When in charge of a cruiser he was wounded and was made a prisoner, but after six months he proceeded to Monte Video, and offered his services to the Republic of Uruguay in a war which it was waging against a dictator at Buenos Aires. He was soon made Commander-in-chief.

He formed a legion of men of his own nationality, and so brave were they that they were decreed officially the post of honour on all occasions.

After various adventures the young warrior returned to his native land, where he was received with great enthusiasm, and for the next few years took a leading part in freeing his country from a foreign yoke and helping to bring the various States under one government and sovereign.

At one time the death of a dear friend sent him into such transports of grief that he disbanded his troops, and, going to New York, worked in a soap factory. Later, however, he returned and bought half a little island, which he afterwards made his home. He did many rash things, but his name always inspired patriots with fervour, not only in his own country but elsewhere. He fought for France in the Franco-German war, and was described by Victor Hugo as the only general who fought for

France and was not conquered. He visited England and was received with enthusiasm, and when he died his countrymen mourned his death as a national calamity. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



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Now My Heart with Pleasure Fills and Dances with the Daffodils

DI MERRYMAN

JOHNNIE was reading aloud to his class when he came to a word he did not know.

"Barque," prompted the teacher. Johnnie looked confused.

"Barque, Johnnie," the teacher repeated impatiently.

Johnnie glanced nervously at his classmates and then cried out "Bow-wow!"

COULD a louse ever be built with a pocket-handkerchief?

Yes, if it became brick (be cambric).

A Puzzle in Rhyme

MY first is in coffee and also in tea,

My second's in Derwent and also in Dee,

My third is in uncle and also in aunt,

My fourth is in cannot and also in can't,

My fifth is in anchor and also in chain,

My sixth is in tramcar and also in train,

My seventh's in airing and also in iron,

My eighth is in leopard and also in lion,

My ninth is in heaven and also in knead,

My whole is a something of which all must take heed. *Answer next week*

WHY is the doctor's Latin called dog Latin?

Because it is curtailed.

Do You Live at Lowestoft?

IN Domesday Book this name is spelt Lothuwistoft, and the meaning is the toft, or field, of Hlothewig, a personal name, which is really the same as that of the famous king of the Franks, Chlodwig, whose name developed into the modern German Ludwig and the French Louis.

Who Hlothewig, who owned land at Lowestoft, was, we do not know.

Irish

IN an examination a schoolboy was asked to state what he knew about salt.

"Salt," he began, "is the stuff that makes potatoes taste nasty when it is not put in the water in which they are boiled."

WHAT is that which belongs to yourself, but is used more by your friends than by you?

Your name.

Do You Know Me?

I AM a mighty power, but when reversed I am mere sport. If you behead me I am constant, but if you cut off my head and my tail you will find the mother of us all. What am I? *Solution next week*

WHY, when you are going for a railway journey, does the collector punch a hole in your ticket?

To let you pass through.

Local Pride



THE Brownie tourist eyed the plain;

His features wore a sneer.

"Your country's very flat," quoth he.

"Have you no mountains here?"

The insect answered, "We possess

No mountains people climb,

But if you'll look around you'll own

Our ant-hills are sublime!"

Proof

AN Irishman and a Scotsman were arguing about the merits of their respective countrymen. Said the Scot:

"An an example of the inventive genius of my people I can tell you of the discovery in the Highlands of a ruined castle. A system of wiring in the ruins was investigated, and found to be a primitive telegraph, thus proving that Scotsmen had harnessed electricity hundreds of years before the rest of the world."

The Irishman, however, would not admit this.

"Some time ago," he replied, "the ruins of an ancient castle were discovered in Ireland, but there were no wires in it. This proved, of course, that the Irish used wireless centuries ago!"

A Charade

MY first, though small, much work performs,

All for my second's sake;

It pauses oft, but never tires,

Nor seeks a rest to take.

My third's a large and well-known thing,

Which for my second toils;

Unwearied it e'er labours on,

Nor from its task recoils.

My whole my second doth attain,

I am by all required,

And when of goodly quality

Am much to be admired.

Answer next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Is It? The letter O

Transposition. Panel, plane, plan, pan

A Hidden Word Puzzle

Policeman. Poppy, orange, lid, ink-well, cabbage, egg, mat, anvil, net.

Jacko Writes Home

AUNT MATILDA gave Jacko a long talking to a few days before it was time for him to go home. She said she was very disappointed in him.

"Such a nice, well-behaved boy you used to be, too," she said. "I really don't know what young people are coming to nowadays!"

Jacko hung his head. He was really fond of the old lady, and he promised to try to make up for everything by showing how good he could be in his last few days.

He started right away by sitting down and beginning a letter to his mother.

Aunt Matilda smiled approvingly.

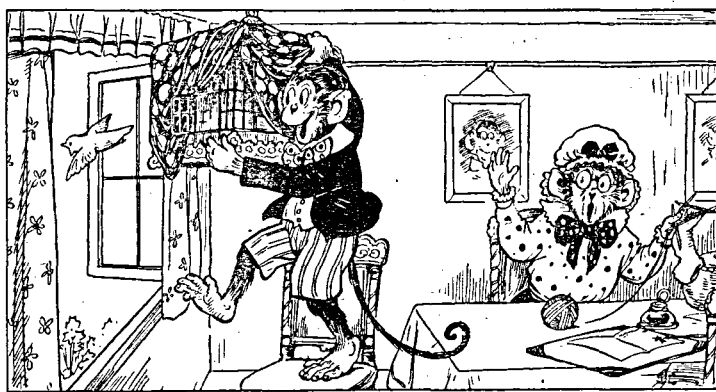
"A very nice thought of yours, my dear," she said.

But Jacko didn't get on very fast with his letter. He thought it better not to say much about what he had been doing, so he said he had no news, and that Aunt Matilda sent her love.

"That's not much of a letter for your mother," said the old lady, who saw he had only written half a page.

Jacko struggled on and finished the page. It took him nearly half an hour. And all the time he had one eye on the window. They were haymaking in one of the fields, and he longed to go and help.

But Aunt Matilda kept a strict eye on him. She said he was to write his mother a proper letter.



Jacko hopped up on a chair

"Both sides of the page," she insisted. And she came and sat beside him with her knitting to see that he did it.

Jacko groaned.

"Wish I'd never started!" he muttered. "I'll be here till midnight!"

He sucked his pen and gazed up at the ceiling for inspiration.

"Tell you what, Aunt," he said suddenly. "I believe I'd get on much quicker if that canary wasn't making such a din. A chap can't hear himself think with all that din going on!"

Strangely enough, Aunt Matilda seemed to think that there might be something in this. She told him to put the cover over the bird's cage.

Jacko hopped up on a chair. He glanced round at Aunt Matilda. The old lady was busy counting her stitches.

He slipped on the cover, and, at the same time, opened the door of the cage. Out flew the canary—round the room, and then out through the open window into the garden!

Aunt Matilda was terribly upset. She had had the canary for years, and thought the world of it.

"After him! After him!" she cried, wringing her hands.

It was just what Jacko wanted. He was out in the garden in a twinkling. And he took care not to catch the canary till long past bedtime!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

Fewer Children

It has gone almost unnoticed that, as a result of the war, the number of children in our schools has greatly fallen off.

In London the number of boys and girls in council schools was 893,848 when the war broke out; a census last year showed a decrease of no less than 96,470. It will be some years before the pre-war attendance is again reached.

Another result of this falling-off in children, combined with the killing of young men in the war and the emigration of young people, is that it makes the average age of the nation higher.

Moins d'Enfants

On a à peine remarqué que, grâce à la guerre, le nombre des élèves dans nos écoles a fortement diminué.

À Londres, avant la déclaration de la guerre, le nombre des garçons et des filles dans les écoles municipales s'élevait à 893,848; le recensement de l'année dernière a révélé une diminution de non moins de 96,470. Il faudra plusieurs années avant qu'on atteigne de nouveau le chiffre d'avant-guerre.

Une autre effet de cette diminution dans le nombre des enfants, ajoutée au chiffre des jeunes hommes tués à la guerre et à celui de l'émigration chez les jeunes gens, a été d'augmenter la moyenne d'âge de la nation.

Tales Before Bedtime

Cousin Tom

WHEN Cousin Tom came to stay at the cottage he was such a rough and noisy boy that poor Pam and Penelope had a bad time protecting the animals from him.

"Let's go and look for primroses," said Penelope one morning, hoping primroses would make him forget to tease the baby pigs.

"No; let's go bird-nesting. Aunt Rose says you know where to find lots!" cried Tom.

"But we shan't show you one, unless you promise to leave the eggs alone," said Pam, firmly.

"I won't touch the eggs you find; only the ones I find," promised Tom, and the little girls were satisfied, because they knew their cousin was not clever at finding things.

They were glad when it was time to go home to tea; Tom was so noisy that he frightened the birds off the nests.

On their way home Penelope's sharp eyes saw some shavings of wood at the foot of a tall old tree, and, far away at the top of the trunk, a dark hole.

"What is it?" asked Tom.

"It's a green woodpecker's nest. It's a lovely big bird with a red head and a jolly laugh. I'm glad nobody can reach it."

"Oh, can't they?" thought Tom. "If I could get a green woodpecker's egg I could sell it to Dick for his collection" (Dick was his big brother). He gave the girls the slip, and ran back to the wood.

"Why, tree-climbing's easy enough!" said Tom, swarming up the trunk, not noticing how the old branches swayed and creaked.

When he was near enough to reach the dark hole, he put in his head with glee. The next moment he was screaming loudly—woodpeckers can peck hard.

Then there was a cracking noise; then a loud thud, and



There was a loud thud

down arrived Tom with a broken leg.

"You'll spend the rest of your holiday in bed, young man," said the doctor, when he had bandaged him up.

"And I can't go to sleep!" cried Tom. "What is that noise in the wood?"

"It's the woodpeckers, laughing," said Pam.

Wise Old Weather Saws—May



Ne'er cast a clout till May be out

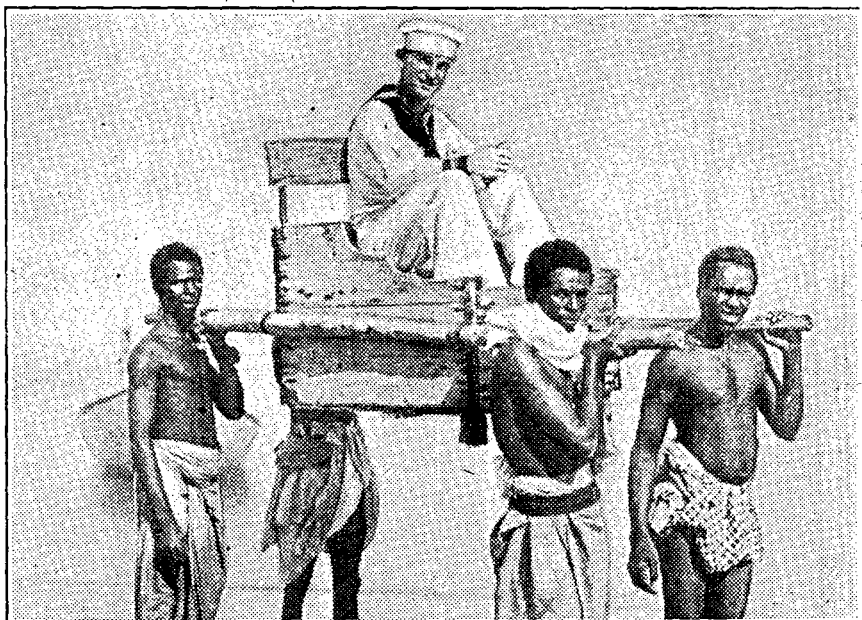
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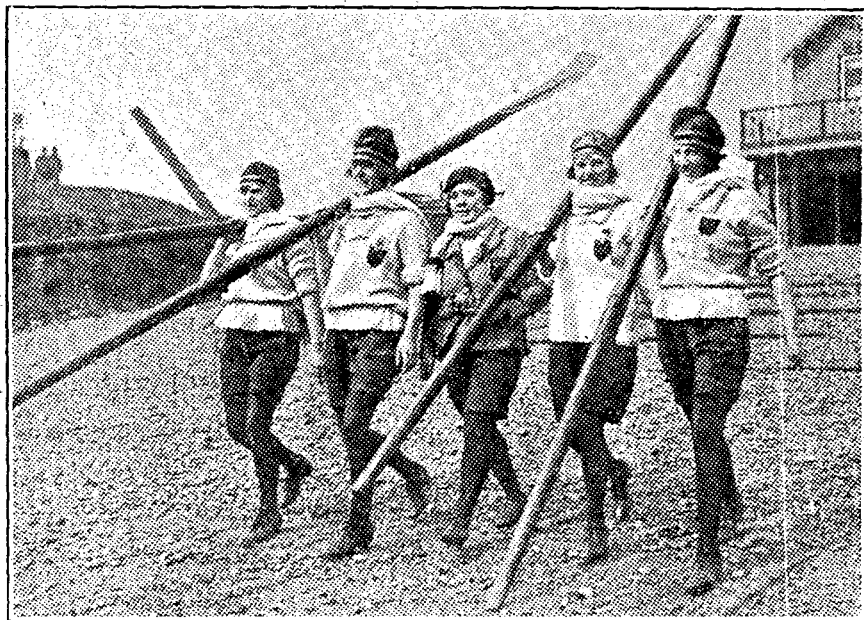
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GIANT ORGAN PIPE : LIFEBOAT GOES ON TOUR • THE TRAIN FERRY



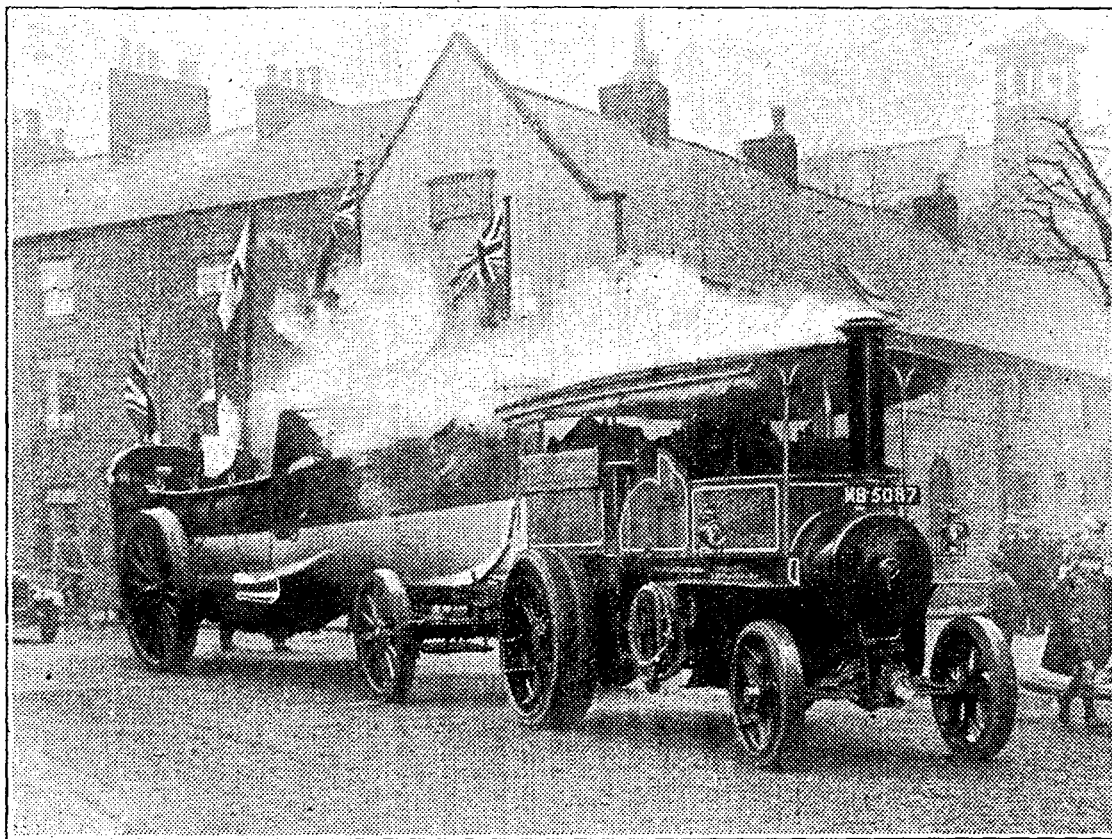
The Bluejacket Hires a Carriage—An American bluejacket, of the United States warship Concord, which visited Berbera, in Somaliland, being carried from the shore to the native village



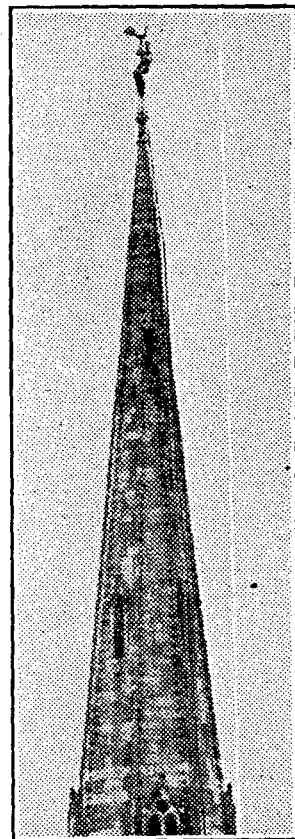
Women Rowers go to Practice—Women members of the Borough Polytechnic Rowing Club, London, off for a trial row on the Thames at Barnes, in readiness for the regattas



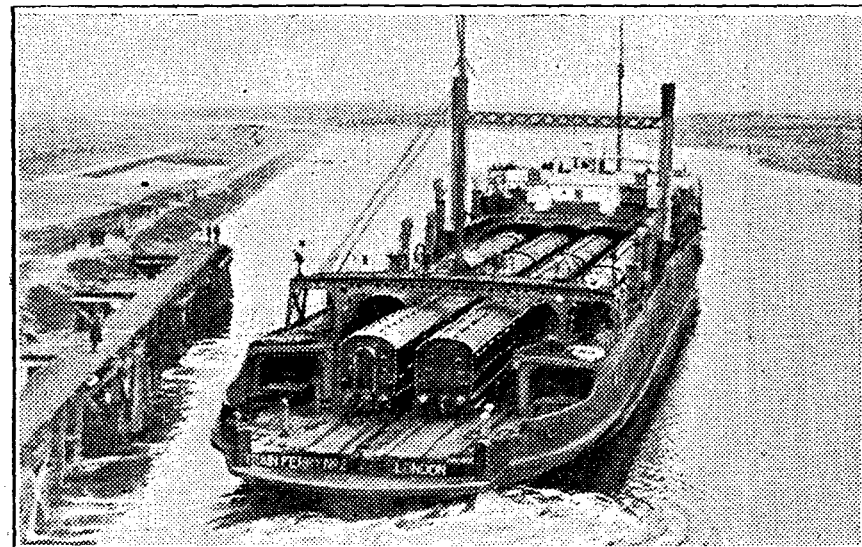
The Big Organ Pipe—One of the pipes, over 20 feet high, for the giant organ at Wembley



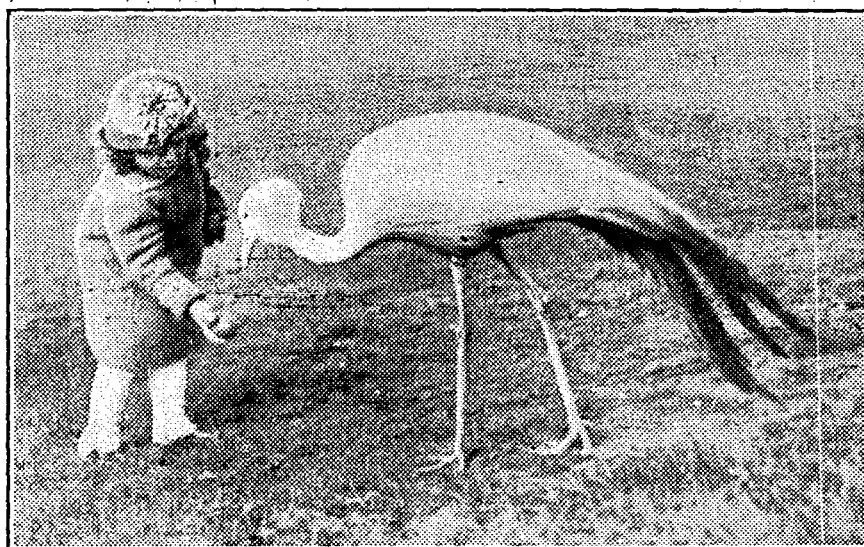
The Lifeboat Goes on Tour—In connection with the Centenary of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, a lifeboat is being taken on a long tour through the country, being drawn from town to town by a steam wagon. The boat will travel 2500 miles; and here we see it setting off from Leicester. It is hoped in this way to rouse interest and raise funds



High Up—A steeplejack replacing the weathercock on the spire of Ashbourne Church



The Railway Train Goes to Sea—The train ferry between Harwich and Zeebrugge, which has been given an exhaustive trial, has proved a great success, and is to be continued. Here we see the ferry, with the railway train on board, leaving Zeebrugge to cross the water



Playmates in Kew Gardens—This happy little snapshot was taken the other morning in Kew Gardens and shows a little visitor tempting one of the cranes with an apple. The bird is very friendly and seems quite anxious to test the fruit that is being offered to it

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